

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—\$1,000 WILL BUY A fine frame dwelling lot 60x150, in west end. Best location ever offered. Wm. Toms, 20 Calhoun street. 7,54

FOR SALE—100 LOTS IN HAM-ilton's 11th addition between Calhoun and Lafayette streets, ranging in price from \$250 to \$1,000 on long time. Wm. Toms, 20 Calhoun street. 7,54

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FOR SALE OR RENT—MY brick residence, containing ten rooms, with ten acres of land, near Lindenwood Cemetery. Mrs. A. M. Webb, 6,505

FOR SALE—IMPROVED FARM of 190 acres, with valuable water privilege, nearly joining town of Portage, Wis. 60 acres improved, fenced with cedar posts and wire fence, balance valuable yard wood timber land. Large fine two-story house, 11 rooms, stone foundation, well-burned. Very productive sandy loam soil. Will exchange for residence property in Fort Wayne. Isaac d'Isay, 13 Calhoun street. 7,54

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LOST—TUESDAY MORNING, A dog, black and white, with long hair, answers to the name of "Rocks." A liberal reward will be paid for his return to this office. 7,54

STRAINED—SINCE THURSDAY, May 16th, a cow and a horse, Durham stock, horns and a hole in right ear. Any person knowing something about the whereabouts of the horse, please call on the undersigned. HENRY MILLER, 13 Calhoun street. 7,54

WANTED—EVERYBODY HAVING property for sale, to call on Wm. Toms, 20 Calhoun street. 7,54

WANTED—TO RENT, WITHIN five miles of Fort Wayne, a nice cottage, with six or seven rooms. Apply to J. J. TOLAN & SONS. 7,54

WANTED—BOARDERS AT 96 East Wayne, a few pleasant rooms to let. 6,247

PERSONAL
G. E. D. N. THINKS HE has given the last sufficient dose, with that invitation, and will therefore cease this practice, on Friday night. He will however, from this day on, dub her "butions." 7,51

ANNOUNCEMENTS
MUSICAL—The summer term of the Conservatory of Music will begin on Monday, July 8th. 6,50

POLITICAL—To the Democratic Voters of the First Ward: You are requested to meet at Hartman's Saloon, on Washington street, Sunday evening, July 5th, between the hours of 8 and 9 p. m., to nominate a candidate for councilman to serve the unexpired term of the deceased. HENRY MONNING, 6,27 Committee man.

Extra Choice
Star Brand Sugar Cured Dried Beef and Breakfast Bacon.
Mountain Dew Coffee, Cut Tobacco.
Best Plug Tobacco—Law Lottier's "Union," the best Cigar in the City.
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Condensed Milk.
Dressed Ham, Chicken, Turkey and Tongue.
YANKEE GROCERY.

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RUSSIA.
St. Petersburg, July 5.—Four hundred nihilists were arrested at Kien on the 26th of June and a great store of weapons seized.

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Yokohama, June 5.—Ex-President Grant and party arrived to-day from Chicago.

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Archbishop Purcell.
New York, July 3.—A private dispatch received in this city late last evening from Cincinnati, stated that it is reported in that city, that Archbishop Purcell had become insane from his financial difficulties and that he was now being cared for in a retreat near Albany, in this state. Inquiries made of the Catholic clergy in this city, however, fail to verify the rumor. The Archbishop left for a convalescent near Albany several days ago. He was then feeble in health and bowed down with the weight of his financial troubles, but showed no indications of insanity.

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About midnight Prof. Colgrove returned to the city and reported that the balloon came down in the bay on account of a rent in the bag and dragged through the water over two miles in about the same number of minutes, struck a pile of old wharf on the opposite bay, threw out both the occupants, who were somewhat cut and bruised but not seriously injured, and freed from its burden it rose again and sailed off eastward, coming down as previously reported. Colgrove and Miss Allison stunk in the marsh through which they waded, and gaining ground they made their way to Alameda and thence to this city.

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MURDER.
New York, June 5.—Geo. Sisk was shot dead yesterday morning on Staten Island by Richard Rowlands. The latter was annoyed by Sisk firing a revolver ushering in the fourth.

MURDER OF BISHOP SEYMOUR'S BROTHER.
In reference to the shooting of Jno. F. Seymour, brother-in-law of Bishop Seymour, on the Seminary grounds, the Bishop says his brother had surprised some one in the grounds, and tried to drive the persons off and was shot during the quarrel. A man and woman respectfully dressed were seen to leave the premises soon after Seymour left the house.

The Eve Post, says about half past nine in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were sitting together at an open window. He directed her attention to what he said was a woman dressed in white sitting on the grass and attendant gentleman near. Mrs. Seymour said she could see the woman only, she took an opera-glass and then she said yes she did see a man and a woman. A few minutes afterwards, a little before 10 o'clock, Seymour said he would go out. His intention was to

send the man and woman out of the grounds. About half an hour later Mrs. Seymour saw that the man and woman were gone.

CYCLONE.
Chicago, July 5.—Details of the recent cyclone in Wisconsin and Minnesota show it to have been terrible beyond description. Returns thus far received show that twenty people were killed, fifty wounded and many buildings wrecked and crops badly damaged.

FIRE.
Boston, July 5.—The Unitarian Church at Scituate was burned by fire crackers yesterday.

Bluffton, July 4.—The very large barn of T. T. Smith, one square east of the court house, was set on fire about 12 o'clock last night. A number of adjacent buildings were saved through the earnest and untiring efforts of the fire brigade and citizens. The Times office suffered seriously. The type was piled, the press broken, and the whole office so badly damaged that it will take some time to right things up. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

ADMITTED TO BAIL.
New York, July 5.—Judge DePew has decided to admit to bail \$10,000 Joseph C. Blair, who shot dead John Armstrong.

DIED OF SUFFOCATION.
San Francisco, July 5.—A Virginia City dispatch says that the three men missing at the time of the fire in the Bullion mine have been found. Perry was found at the top of the incline on the 800-foot level. Donahue was found at the 1,400-foot coaling station, sitting upright, with his face pressed in the air pipe. Crocker was about 200 feet below. All of them evidently died of suffocation.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.
Fort Muen, N. C., July 5.—Capt. A. Catamith, of Carolina City, son and four daughters were crossing Bouquet sound, when the boat capsized. One daughter was drowned and the others are not expected to survive.

DROWNED.
St. Albans, July 5.—Chas. Fonda and Chas. Sherer were drowned by the capsizing of a boat.

TOLEDO REGATTA.
Full Account of To-day's Races.

Fort Wayne Carries off the Honors.

Toledo, July 5.—The regatta of the Northwestern Rowing Association terminated to-day. The water, while not as smooth as could be desired, was in better condition for rowing than at any other time during the meeting. The first races to-day were the junior six-oared and the junior double sculls postponed from yesterday. The former was won by the Undines, of Toledo; Amateurs, of Monroe, Mich., second; Excelsiors, of Detroit, third. Distance, one mile and return. Time, 18:39.

In the junior doubles the Undines, Toledo, and Hillsdales, of Hillsdale, Mich., started. The boat of the latter swamped shortly after the turning stroke, and the Undines pulled home in 16:41. Distance, one mile and return.

Third race junior single sculls, dis- same as above, won by Fred Boltz of Fort Wayne, Ind., in 21:45; Ball of Detroit, and Wolf of Hillsdale, Mich., who started in this race were obliged to withdraw before the finish, their shells filled with water.

Fourth race senior doubles, Undines of Toledo and Wyandotts of Wyandott, Mich. The former won as they pleased in 15 minutes and 30 seconds; distance two miles and turn.

The last race was the senior six-oared. The Excelsiors of Detroit and the Wah-Wah-Suns of Saginaw withdrew, leaving the Undines of Toledo and the Floral City of Monroe, Mich., to start. The former won by eight lengths. Time, 20:40; distance, three miles with a turn.

In the Senior pair-oared class the Zephyr's of Detroit pulled over the course of one mile and return and took the prize without competitor. Time not given.

Sixth race—junior, four-oared, won by Hillsdales, who beat Undines, of Toledo by two lengths. Distance, two miles with turn. Time 14:10.

Attendance throughout has been good. At the annual meeting of the association, all of the principal officers were re-elected for the ensuing year.

Sporting News.
Long Branch, July 5th.—Half mile dash for two year olds, won by Grenade favorite, by five lengths. Canon 2d, Withersby, 3d time 49 1/2.

Boston, July 5th.—Professional scullers race three miles, was won by Eph. Morris, of Pittsburgh, nearly half a mile ahead of Teneyck.

THE RAILROADS.
The Muncie pay car went south Thursday.

A slight accident on the Wabash at Whitehouse, caused a delay of forty-five minutes to train No. 4, Thursday evening.

General Freight Agent Osborne, of the Wabash, has made a thorough investigation into the crop prospects, along the line of that road, and thinks that, despite all rumors to the contrary, the yield of wheat will be greater than last year. Mr. Osborne has also made a careful personal observation of the corn crop. That crop was planted early, and the acreage is large. It was somewhat injured by the very dry weather in the early spring, but is now doing finely, and is in excellent

condition. The oat, hay and clover crops were very much injured by the dry weather in the spring.

BULLY FOR BOLTZ.

He Wins Both Races at the Toledo Regatta.

Fort Wayne Ahead Again.

Fred Boltz has covered himself all over with glory at the Toledo regatta. A special to to-day's Chicago Times says:

The senior single scull race was contested by Fred C. Boltz, J. D. Kelley and W. B. Wells. The water was very lumpy, and Wells, who made a fine play for the lead, was compelled to stop twice before reaching the mile mark, to bail out his boat. Boltz kept the lead from the start, and came in an easy winner in 19:45, while Kelley, who was a poor third for the first half of the race, ended second in 20:20.

This afternoon Major Drake received the following telegram from Boltz:

"Toledo, O., July 5.—Geo. W. Drake: Won junior single scull race; Ball 2d, Wolf 3d; water rough."

"F. C. BOLTZ."

A BOLD PLOT.

Dastardly Assault upon Dick Meyers at the Jail.

About 7 o'clock this morning Dick Meyers, turkey at the jail opened the door leading into the prisoner's corridor for the purpose of taking water to the boys. He had the water pail in one hand and his other hand on the door knob. As he opened the door Robt. Hervey, a prisoner from Wells county, struck him twice over the head with a sharp instrument, making two severe scalp wounds. Dick was equal to the occasion. He slammed the door turned the key, and whipped out his revolver and covered Hervey with it; he then compelled the men to get into their cells. They were all in the corridor, ready to escape, if Dick's promptness had not thwarted the plot. Hervey is now in the solitary cell in the cellar, regretting his rashness.

Dick's Myer has fled an antidote against Hervey for assault and battery with intent to kill. The trial is set for Monday at 10 a. m. Hervey is held for forgery.

RELIGIOUS.

Mace Long has arranged for a ten days series of gospel temperance meetings to begin to-morrow at 3 o'clock at the Academy of Music, when Mr. Long, assisted by the city clergymen and well-known speakers, will make addresses. The several choirs of the city will furnish the music. In the evening at 8 o'clock there will be union services. All the Protestant churches in the city will shut down, and the clergymen and choirs will participate in the meeting. The Rev. Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, who will speak, is a very able and brilliant woman, an eloquent orator and one of the leading temperance workers in the country.

The meetings will continue for ten days. Mr. Long is arranging to run excursion trains to the city, on every railroad during the meeting, and expects to draw a large crowd to the city; he will be assisted by a number of eminent temperance workers. No charge will be made for admission to the meetings.

Rev. M. Croxley will occupy his pulpit to-morrow morning. There will be no service at night.

Rev. Jos. Hughes, who has preached with marked success to the people of Fostoria, Ohio, is in the city, and will preach to-morrow in the Second Presbyterian church, of which he was formerly pastor. There will be the usual services in the evening.

Dr. Stone will preach to-morrow morning on "True Freedom and Noblest Independence." In the evening, as by previous arrangement, the quarterly meeting of the Baptist Sunday school will take place instead of the usual preaching service. The exercises, consisting of recitations by the school children, select readings, and an essay by one of the teachers, interspersed with singing, will be very interesting, and all are invited to attend.

There will be no services at the Reformed Men's hall on Sunday afternoon, on account of the temperance meeting to be held at the Academy of Music at 3 o'clock.

Meteorological.
Washington, July 5.—Indications: For the Ohio valley and lower lake region, northeast winds, rising barometer, stationary or lower temperature, partly cloudy or clear weather, possibly followed by warmer southeast winds, and in the Ohio Valley falling barometer.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

Business being generally suspended in the east, there are no market reports to-day.

BANK STATEMENT.
Loans, increase \$8,507,000. Specie, increase \$22,200. Legal tenders, increase \$24,200. Deposits, increase \$9,283,700. Circulation, increase \$171,600. Reserve, increase \$391,778. Banks now hold \$10,129,375 in excess of legal requirements.

London.
London, July 5.—Silver to-day 52 pence per ounce.

Cleveland.
Cleveland, July 5.—Petroleum market steady and quiet; standard white, 110 1/2 cts. 64c.

SPECIAL CARD

To the Public.

I have, since my arrival here, accomplished sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical that I am fully able to treat SPECIAL DISEASES with the utmost success and to accomplish all I PROFESS TO BE CAPABLE OF DOING, when I first announced MY ARRIVAL IN THIS CITY. Certain prejudices against physicians who advertise exist and I myself fully appreciate these prejudices. As a rule, I freely acknowledge the justice of such prejudice. Such are not only ignorant of what they profess, but are illiterate, without social standing, nor deserving such, and are despised by me, who have had more opportunity to study the genius than the majority of the profession have. Yet there are exceptions to all rules, and the public should also know that the more advertising a man who possesses skill does not detract from the skillful physician the right as such nor lessen his abilities, dignify ESPECIALLY IF HE GIVES DAILY PROOFS OF HIS ABILITY TO PERFORM CURES. It places him far above those who do not advertise, yet will accept cases to treat of which they are totally ignorant and unprovided with the means to treat them as they ought to be treated. That the diseases I treat require not alone special knowledge, but great experience, and much dexterity of manipulation, is undoubted. The credit of possessing these attributes has been awarded to me by those competent to judge. I have had many cases in which the success of my treatment has been equally gratifying to myself and the patients. That there are many cases of DEAFNESS AND CATARRH, THROAT, LUNG, CHEST DISEASES, COMPLAINTS of the Liver and Kidneys and other chronic maladies, considered nearly hopeless by the sufferer, but are within the pale of cure, I do most positively assert. In my practice in every place I have been I have PROVEN THE ASSERTION to be a correct one by CURING them. I assert that there are no more than three, certainly no more than four, thoroughly competent AURISTS and LARYNGOSCOPISTS in this country, whose opinion in an emergency is worth obtaining and the statement is almost equally applicable in diseases of the RESPIRATORY ORGANS, especially in CATARRH, THROAT and LUNG AFFECTIONS. Among these I justly claim a larger experience and greater success than any others, since adopting MY MODE OF PRACTICE I have had better opportunities, seen and treated a LARGER NUMBER OF CASES than they have. There are those who will drag out a miserable existence enduring Deafness or carrying the poison of CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS in their SYSTEMS, which is surely though slowly undermining their general health because they have received no relief from THIS or THAT person pretending to TREAT such CASES. My claims to great experience in these special branches of medical science—genuine endorsements where I have practiced—and regular education to these specialties—both in this country and Europe, are at all times open to inspection.

F. A. VON MOSCHZISKER,
M. D.,
Office: Aveline House.

Early application will insure the full benefit of his treatment. mo-wa-ri

GEO. DeWALD & Co.

500 Linen Suits

SACQUES AND OVERSKIRTS.

100 Children Suits

100 LINEN ULSTERS

50 Mohair Ulsters.

All of which are offered at A

TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

Call and look at them.

GEO. DE WALD & CO.,

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia Sts.

Fort Wayne Ind.



No. 9 East Main St.

POSITIVE REDUCTIONS! Prices Lower in all Summer

CLOTHING.

Reductions in Summer Coats for MEN and BOYS. Reductions in Summer Pants for MEN and BOYS. Reductions in White Vests for MEN and BOYS. Determined not to carry over any Summer Goods we commence cutting prices so early in the season. The great trading public are assured that we have made big reductions in all our goods.

A. S. LAUFERTY & CO.,
C. O. D. CLOTHIERS, Truthful Advertisers and One Price.

PAINTS & WALL PAPER

Buy Your Wall Paper and Paints at the

Fort Wayne Paint and Painting Co.,

73 and 75 Calhoun Street,

The only Wall Paper and Paint store in Northern Indiana.

Our wall paper department is Complete

in all grades from a Blank to Solid Gold Pat-

terns of the latest new styles at bottom prices.

apd:am

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Worcester, Mass., July 4.—At Lake Quigsimond, the steamer Isaac Davis, loaded with passengers, careened and the hurricane deck broke off. Scores of passengers were thrown into the lake. There were about 200 passengers on the boat, 100 on the hurricane deck, and no opportunity to get off. Others rushed upon the hurricane deck. As they did so the Davis careened over away from the wharf and caused the crowd to rush over to that side and throw the struggling mass into the water. As the boat gave way the roof of the upper deck came crashing down on the engine and broke off the safety-valve, causing the steam to rush out, adding new terror. The boat rolled over further, and catching the gunwale on a spike became fast, and the great weight caused the supports of the hurricane deck to give way. The whole structure down to the water line crashed down into the water, at this point over ten feet deep. Many swam to the shore and wharf, twenty feet distant. Others seized hold of the wrecked hull and some of the floating roof. Many physicians soon came to the spot. The killed were John Cahill, aged 50; his daughter, 30 years; Lewis Lechelle, aged 30; Nelly Shaeckor, 15 years; three others not identified. Emma Hemmway, a young man named McKenna, Jeremiah Dean and wife and Samuel L. Gilbert, have slight bruises. The missing are Edward Couture, L. Deshailes and Lewis Powers, of Clinton. The boat was new, and was launched May day. Her length was 63 feet, 22 feet over the gunwale, and of about 10 tons burden. She was quite flat on the bottom, drawing less than three feet when loaded. She had two passenger decks and could carry 400 persons. The upper deck was raised on supports about ten feet above the main deck, and came out even with the gunwale.

MURDER.

New York, July 5.—Geo. Sisk was shot dead yesterday morning on Staten Island by Richard Rowlands. The latter was annoyed by Sisk's firing a revolver ushering in the fourth.

MURDER OF BISHOP SEYMOUR'S BROTHER.

In reference to the shooting of Jno. F. Seymour, brother-in-law of Bishop Seymour, on the Seminary grounds, the Bishop says his brother had surprised some one in the grounds, and tried to drive the persons off and was shot during the quarrel. A man and woman respectfully dressed were seen to leave the premises soon after Seymour left the house.

The *Exc. Post* says about half past nine in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were sitting together at an open window. He directed her attention to what he said was a woman dressed in white sitting on the grass and attendant gentleman near. Mrs. Seymour said she could see the woman only, she could see the woman only, and then she said yes she did see a man and a woman. A few minutes afterwards, a little before 10 o'clock, Seymour said he would go out. His intention was to

send the man and woman out of the grounds. About half an hour later Mrs. Seymour saw that the man and woman were gone.

CHICAGO, CYCLONE.

Chicago, July 5.—Details of the recent cyclone in Wisconsin and Minnesota show it to have been terrible beyond description. Returns thus far received show that twenty people were killed, fifty wounded and many buildings wrecked and crops badly damaged.

FIRE.

Boston, July 5.—The Unitarian Church at Scituate was burned by fire crackers yesterday.

Bluffton, July 4.—The very large barn of T. T. Smith, one square east of the court house, was set on fire about 12 o'clock last night. A number of adjacent buildings were saved through the earnest and untiring efforts of the fire brigade and citizens. The *Times* office suffered seriously. The type was piled, the press broken, and the whole office so badly damaged that it will take some time to right things up. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

ADMITTED TO BAIL.

New York, July 5.—Judge DePew has decided to admit to bail \$10,000 Joseph C. Blair, who shot dead John Armstrong.

DIED OF SUFFOCATION.

San Francisco, July 5.—A Virginia City dispatch says that the three men missing at the time of the fire in the Bullion mine have been found. Perry was found at the top of the incline on the 800-foot level. Donahue was found at the 1,400-foot coal station, sitting upright, with his face pressed to the air pipe. Crocker was about 200 feet below. All of them evidently died of suffocation.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Fort Macon, N. C., July 5.—Capt. A. Oatsmith, of Carolina City, son and four daughters were crossing Bouque sound, when the boat capsized. One daughter was drowned and the others are not expected to survive.

DROWNED.

St. Albans, July 5.—Chas. Fonda and Chas. Sherer were drowned by the capsizing of a boat.

TOLEDO REGATTA.

Full Account of To-days Races.

Fort Wayne Carries off the Honors.

Toledo, July 5.—The regatta of the Northwestern Rowing Association terminated to-day. The water, while not as smooth as could be desired, was in better condition for rowing than at any other time during the meeting.

The first races to-day were the junior six-oared and the junior double sculls postponed from yesterday. The former was won by the Undines of Toledo; Amateurs of Monroe, Mich., second; Excelsiors of Detroit, third. Distance, one mile and return. Time, 13:39.

In the junior doubles the Undines, Toledo, and Hillsdales, of Hillsdale, Mich., started. The boat of the latter swamped shortly after their turning stroke, and the Undines pulled home in 16:41. Distance, one mile and return.

Third race junior single sculls, dismasted as above, won by Fred Boltz of Fort Wayne, Ind., in 21:45; Ball of Detroit, and Wolf of Hillsdale, Mich., who started in this race were obliged to withdraw before the finish, their shells filled with water.

Fourth race—senior doubles, Undines of Toledo and Wyandott, Mich. The former won as they pleased in 15 minutes and 30 seconds; distance two miles and turn.

The last race was the senior six-oared. The Excelsiors of Detroit and the Wah-Wah-Suns of Saginaw withdrew, leaving the Undines of Toledo and the Floral City of Monroe, Mich., to start. The former won by eight lengths. Time, 20:40; distance, three miles with a turn.

In the Senior pair-oared class the Zephyrs of Detroit pulled over the course of one mile and return and took the prize without competitor. Time not given.

Sixth race—junior, four-oared, won by Hillsdales, who beat Undines, of Toledo by two lengths. Distance, two miles with turn. Time 14:10.

Attendance throughout the regatta was good. At the annual meeting of the association, all of the principal officers were re-elected for the ensuing year.

Sporting News.

Long Branch, July 5th.—Half mile dash for two year olds, won by Grenade favorite, by five lengths. Canon 2d, Withersby, 3d time 49 3/4.

Boston, July 5th.—Professional scullers race three miles, was won by Eph. Morris, of Pittsburgh, nearly half a mile ahead of Teneyck.

THE RAILROADS.

The Muncie pay car went south Thursday.

A slight accident on the Wabash at Whitehouse, caused a delay of forty-five minutes to train No. 4, Thursday evening.

General Freight Agent Osborne, of the Wabash, has made a thorough investigation into the crop prospects, along the line of that road, and thinks that, despite all rumors to the contrary, the yield of wheat will be greater than last year. Mr. Osborne has also made a careful personal observation of the corn crop. That crop was planted early, and the acreage is large. It was somewhat injured by the very dry weather in the early spring, but is now doing finely, and is in excellent

condition. The oat hay and clover crops were very much injured by the dry weather in the spring.

BULLY FOR BOLTZ.

He Wins Both Races at the Toledo Regatta.

Fort Wayne Ahead Again.

Fred Boltz has covered himself all over with glory at the Toledo regatta. A special to to-day's *Chicago Times* says:

The senior single scull race was contested by Fred C. Boltz, J. D. Kelley and W. B. Wells. The water was very lumpy, and Wells, who made a fine play for the lead, was compelled to stop twice before reaching the mile stake, to bail out his boat. Boltz kept the lead from the start, and came in an easy winner in 19:48, while Kelley, who was a poor third for the first half of the race, ended second in 20:20.

This afternoon Major Drake received the following telegram from Boltz:

"Toledo, O., July 5.—Geo. W. Drake: Won junior single scull race; Ball 2d, Wolf 3d; water rough."

"F. C. Boltz."

A BOLD PLOT.

Dastardly Assault upon Dick Meyers at the Jail.

About 7 o'clock this morning Dick Meyers, turnkey at the jail opened the door leading into the prisoner's corridor for the purpose of taking water to the boys. He had the water pail in one hand and his other hand on the door knob. As he opened the door Robt. Hervey, a prisoner from Wells county, struck him twice over the head with a sharp instrument, making two severe scalp wounds. Dick was equal to the occasion. He slammed the door turned the key, and whipped out his revolver and covered Hervey with it; he then compelled the men to get into their cells. They were all in the corridor, ready to escape, if Dick's promptness had not thwarted the plot. Hervey is now in the solitary cell in the cellar, regretting his rashness.

Deldrich Myer has filed an affidavit against Hervey for assault and battery with intent to kill. The trial is set for Monday at 10 a. m. Hervey is held for forgery.

RELIGIOUS.

Mace Long has arranged for a ten days series of gospel temperance meetings to begin to-morrow at 3 o'clock at the Academy of Music, when Mr. Long, assisted by the city clergymen and well-known speakers, will make addresses. To several choirs of the city will furnish the music. In the evening at 8 o'clock there will be union services. All the Protestant churches in the city will shut down, and the clergymen and choirs will participate in the meeting. The Rev. Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, who will speak, is a very able and brilliant woman, an eloquent orator and one of the leading temperance workers in the country.

The meetings will continue for ten days. Mr. Long is arranging to run excursion trains to the city, in every direction during the meeting, and expects to draw a large crowd to the city; he will be assisted by a number of eminent temperance workers. No charge will be made for admission to the meetings.

Rev. M. Crosey will occupy his pulpit to-morrow morning. There will be no service at night.

Rev. Jos. Hughes, who has preached with marked success to the people of Fostoria, Ohio, is in the city, and will preach to-morrow in the Second Presbyterian church, if which he was formerly pastor. There will be the usual services in the evening.

Dr. Stone will preach to-morrow morning on "True Freedom and Noblest Independence." In the evening, the quarterly meeting of the Baptist Sunday school will take place instead of the usual preaching service. The exercises, consisting of recitations by the school children, select readings, and an essay by one of the teachers, interspersed with singing, will be very interesting and all are invited to attend.

There will be no services at the Reformed Men's hall on Sunday afternoon, on account of the temperance meeting to be held at the Academy of Music at 3 o'clock.

Meteorological.

Washington, July 5.—Indications: For the Ohio valley and lower lake region, northeast winds, rising barometer, stationary or lower temperature, partly cloudy or clear weather, possibly followed by warmer southeast winds, and in the Ohio Valley falling barometer.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

Business being generally suspended in the east, there are no market reports to-day.

BANK STATEMENT.

Loans, increase \$3,507,000. Special Deposits, increase \$24,200. Legal tenders, increase \$24,200. Deposits, increase \$6,263,700. Circulation, increase \$17,000. Reserve, increase \$391,778. Banks now hold \$10,482,375 in excess of legal requirements.

London.

London, July 5.—Silver to-day 52 pence per ounce.

Cleveland.

Cleveland, July 5.—Petroleum market steady and quiet; standard white, 110 test, 9 1/2 cts.

GEO. DeWALD & Co.

500 Linen Suits

SACQUES AND OVERSKIRTS.

100 Children Suits

100 LINEN ULSTERS

50 Mohair Ulsters.

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BE BEE, OR TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES. A STORY.

By "GUILDA."
AUTHOR OF "STRATHMORE," "TRICOT,"
"PAIN," "UNDER TWO FLAGS," "IDALIA,"
"FARGAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"Why? To have all your neighbors chatter of your feast in the forest? It is not worth while."

"Ah, but I always told me every thing," said Bebee, whose imagination had been already busy with the wonders that she would unfold to Mere Krebs and the Varnhart children.

"Then you will be little of me, my dear. Learn to be silent, Bebee. It is a woman's first duty, though her hardest."

"Is it?"

She did not speak for some time. She could not imagine a state of things in which she would not narrate the little daily miracles of her life to the good old garrulous women and the little open-mouthed rumps. And yet, she lifted her eyes to his.

"I am glad you have told me that," she said. "Though indeed, I do not see why one should not say what one does, yet, somehow, I do not like to talk about you. It is like the pictures in the galleries, and the music in the cathedrals, and the great still evenings, when the fields are all silent, and it is as if Christ walked abroad in them; I do not know how to talk of those things to the others; only to you, and I do not like to talk about you to them, do you not know?"

"Yes, I know. But what affinity have I, Bebee, to your thoughts of your God walking in His corn-fields?"

Bebee's eyes glanced down through the green aisle of the forests, with the musing seriousness in them that was like the child-angels of Botticelli's dreams.

"I cannot tell you very well. But when I am in the fields at evening and think of Christ, I feel so happy, and of such good will to all the rest, and I seem to see heaven quite plain through the beautiful gray air where the stars are, and so I feel when I am with you, that is all. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Only in those evenings, when I was all alone, heaven seemed up there, where the stars are, and I longed for wings; but now, it is here, and I would only shut my wings if I had them, and not stir."

He looked at her, and took her hands and kissed them, but reverently, as a believer may kiss a shrine. In that moment to Flamen she was sacred; in that moment he could no more have hurt her with passion than he could have hurt her with a blow.

It was an emotion with him, and did not endure. But whilst it lasted, it was true.

CHAPTER XVII.

Then he took her to dine at one of the wooden cafes under the trees. There was a little sheet of water in front of it, and a gay garden around. There was a balcony and a wooden stairway; there were long trellised arbors, and little white tables, and great rose-bushes, like her own at home. They had an arbor all to themselves; a cool sweet-smelling bow of green, with a glimpse of scarlet from the flowers of some twisting bean.

They had a meal, the like of which she had never seen; such a huge melon in the centre of it, and curious wines, and coffee or cream in silver pots, or what looked like silver to her, just like the altar-vases in the church," she said to herself.

"If only the Varnhart children were here!" she cried; but he did not echo the wish.

It was just sunset. There was a golden glow on the little bit of water. On the other side of the garden some one was playing a guitar. Under a lime-tree some girls were swinging, crying Higher! higher! at each toss.

In a longer avenue of trellised green, at a long table, there was a noisy party of students and girls of the city; their laughter was mellowed by distance as it came over the breadth of the garden, and they sang, with fresh shrill voices, songs from an opera-house of La Monnaie.

It was all pretty, and gay, and pleasant.

There was everywhere about an air of light-hearted enjoyment. Bebee sat with a wondering look in her wide-opened eyes, and all the natural instincts of her youth, that were like curled-up fruit-buds in her, unclosed softly to the light of joy.

"Is life always like this in your Rubes's land?" she asked him; that vague far-away-country of which she never asked him anything more definite, and which yet was so clear before her fancy.

"Yes," he made answer to her. "Only, instead of those leaves, flowers, and pomegranates, and in lieu of that tinkling guitar, a voice whose notes are esteemed like king's jewels; and in place of those little green arbor, great white palaces, cool and still, with flex woods and orange groves and sapphire seas beyond them. Would you like to come there, Bebee? and wear laces such as you weave, and hear singing and laughter all night long, and never work any more in the mould of the garden, or spin any more at that tiresome wheel, or go any more out in the wind, and the rain, and the winter mud to the market?"

Bebee listened, leaning her round elbows on the table, and her warm cheeks on her hands, as a child gravely listens to a fairy story. But the sumptuous picture, and the sensuous phrases he had chosen, passed by her.

It is of no use to tempt the little chaffinch of the woods with a ruby instead of a cherry. The bird is made to feed on the brown berries, on the morning dew, on the scarlet lips of roses, and the blossoms of the wind-tossed pear-boughs; the gem, though it be a monarch's, will only strike hard and tasteless on its beak.

"I would like to see it all," said Bebee, musingly, trying to follow out her thoughts. "But as for the garden-work and the spinning, that I do not want to leave, because I have done it

all my life; and I do not think I should care to wear lace, it would tear very soon; one would be afraid to run; and do you see I know how it is made; all that lace. I know how blind the eyes get over it, and how the hearts ache; I know how the old women starve, and the little children cry; I know that there is not a sprig of it that is not stitched with pain; the great ladies do not think, I dare say, because they have never worked at it or watched the others; but I have. And so, you see, I think if I wore it I should feel sad, and if a nail caught on it I should feel as if it were tearing the flesh of my friends. Perhaps I say it badly, but that is what I feel."

"You do not say it badly, you speak well, for you speak from the heart," he answered her, and felt a tinge of shame that he had tempted her with the gold and purple of a hater world than any that she knew.

"And yet you want to see new lands?" he pursued. "What is it you want to see there?"

"Ah, quite other things than these," cried Bebee, still leaning her cheeks on her hands. "That dancing and singing is very pretty and merry, but it is just as good when old Claude fiddles and the children skip. This wine, you tell me, is something very great, but fresh milk is much nicer, I think. It is not these kind of things I want; I want to know all about the people who lived before us; I want to know what the stars are, and what the wind is; I want to know where the lark goes when you lose him out of sight against the sun; I want to know how the old artists got to see God, that they could paint him and all his angels as they have done; I want to know how the voices got into the bells, and how they can make one's heart beat, hanging up there as they do, all alone among the jackdaws; I want to know what it is when I walk in the fields in the morning, and it is all gray and soft and still, and the corn-crake cries in the wheat, and the little mice run home to their holes, that makes me so glad and yet so sorrowful, as if I were so near God, and yet so all alone, and such a little thing, because you see the mouse she has her hole, and the crane her own people, but I—"

Her voice faltered a little and stopped; she had never before thought out into words her own loneliness; from the long green arbor the voices of the voices of the girls and the students sang—

"Ah! le doux son d'un baiser tendre!"

Flamen was silent. The poet in him, and in an artist there is always more or less of the poet, kept him back from ridicule, nay, moved him to pity and respect.

They were absurdly simple words no doubt, had little wisdom in them, and were quite childish in their utterance, and yet they moved him curiously as a man very base and callous may at times be moved by the lack in a dying deer's eyes, or by the sound of a song that some lost love once sang.

He rose and drew her hands away, and took her small face between his own hands instead.

"Poor little Bebee!" he said, gently, looking down on her with a breath that was almost a sigh. "Poor little Bebee! to envy the corn-crake and the mouse!"

She was a little startled; her cheeks grew very warm under his touch, but her eyes looked still into his without fear.

He stooped and touched her forehead with his lips, gently and without passion, almost reverently; she grew rose-hued as the bright bean-flowers, up to the light gold ripples of her hair; she trembled a little and drew back, but she was not alarmed nor yet ashamed; she was too simple of heart to feel the fear that is born of passion and of consciousness.

It was as Jeannot kissed his sister Marie, who was fifteen years old and sold milk for the Krebs people in the villages with a little green cart and a yellow dog, no more.

And yet the sunny arbor leaves and the glimpses of the blue sky swam round her indistinctly, and the sounds of the guitar grew dull upon her ear and were lost as in a rushing hiss of water, because of the great sudden intelligible happiness that seemed to bear her little life away on it as a sea wave bears a young child off its feet.

"You do not feel alone now, Bebee?" he whispered to her.

"No!" she answered him, softly under her breath, and sat still, while all her body quivered like a leaf.

No; how could she ever be alone now that this sweet, soft, unutterable touch would always be in memory upon her; how could she wish ever again now to be the corn-crake in the summer corn or the gray mouse in the hedge of hawthorn?

At that moment a student went by past the entrance of the arbor; he had a sash round his loins and a paper feather in his cap; he was playing a lute and dancing; he glanced in as he went.

"It is time to go home, Bebee," said Flamen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

So it came to pass that Bebee's day in the big forest came and went as simply almost as any day that she had played away with the Varnhart children under the beech shadows of Cambre woods.

And when he took her to her hut at sunset before the pilgrims had returned there was a great bewildered tumult of happiness in her heart, but there was no memory with her that prevented her from looking at the shrine in the wall as she passed it, and saying with a quick gesture of the cross on brow and bosom—

"Ah, dear Holy Mother, how good you have been! and I am back again, you see, and I will work harder than ever because of all this joy that you have given me."

And she took another moss-rose and changed it for that of the morning, which was faded, and said to Flamen, "Look, she sends you this. Now do you know what I mean? One is more content when she is content."

He did not answer, but he held her hands against him a moment as they fastened in the rosebud.

"Not a word to the pilgrims, Bebee, you remember?"

"Yes, I will remember. I do not

tell them every time I pray, it will be like being silent about that, it will be no more wrong than that."

But there was a touch of anxiety in the words; she was not quite certain; she wanted to be reassured. Instinct moved her not to speak of him; but habit made it seem wrong to her to have any secret from the people who had been about her from her birth.

He did not reassure her; her anxiety was pretty to watch, and he left the trouble in her heart like a bee in the chalice of a lily. Besides, the little wicket-gate was between them; he was musing whether he would push it open once more.

Her fate was in the balance, though she did not dream it; he had dealt with her tenderly, honestly, sacredly all that day—almost as much so as stupid Jeannot could have done. He had been touched by her trust in him, and by the unconscious beauty of her fancies, into a mood that was unlike all his life and habits. But after all, he said to himself—

After all!—

Where he stood in the golden evening he saw the rose curled round, the soft-roubled eyes, the little brown hands that still tried to fasten the rosebud, the young peach-like skin where the wind stirred the bodice;—she was only a little Flemish peasant, this poor little Bebee, a little thing of the fields and the streets, for all the dreams of God that abode with her. After all, soon or late, the end would be always the same. What matter!

She would reap a little to-morrow, and she would not kneel any more at the shrine in the garden wall; and then—and then—she would stay here and marry the good boy Jeannot, just the same after awhile; or drift away after him to Paris, and leave her two little wooden shoes, and her visions of Christ in the fields at evening, behind her, for evermore, and do as all the others did, and take not only silken stockings but the Cinderella slipper that is called Gold,—which brings all other good things in its train,—what matter!

He had meant this from the first, because she was so pretty, and those little wooden sabots ran so lithely over the stones; though he was not in love with her, but only idly stretched his hand for her as a child by instinct stretches to a fruit that hangs in the sun, a little rosier and a little nearer than the rest.

What matter, he said to himself, she loved him, poor little soul, though she did not know it, and there would always be Jeannot glad enough of a handful of bright French gold.

He pushed the gate gently against her; her hands fastened the rosebud and drew open the latch themselves.

"Will you come in a little?" she said, with the happy light in her face. "You must not stay long, because the flowers must be watered, and then there are Anne's patterns, they must be done or she will have no money and so no food;—but if you would come in for a little? And see, if you wait a minute I will show you the roses that I shall cut to-morrow for the first thing, and take down to St. Guido to Our Lady's altar in thank-offering for to-day. I should like to choose them, you yourself, and if you would just touch them I should feel as if you gave them to her too. Will you?"

She spoke with the pretty outspoken frankness of her habitual speech, just tempered and broken with the happy, timid hesitation, the curious sense at once of closer nearness and of greater distance, that had come on her since he had kissed her among the bright bean-flowers.

He turned from her quickly.

"No, dear, no. Gather your roses alone, Bebee; if I touch them their leaves will fall."

Then, with a hurriedly backward glance down the dusky lane to see that none were looking, he bent his head and kissed her again quickly and with a sort of shame, and swung the gate behind him and went away through the boughs and the shadows.

CHAPTER XIX.

Bebee looked after him wistfully till his figure was lost in the gloom. The village was quiet; a dog barked afar off and a cow lowing in the meadow were the only living things that made their presence heard; the pilgrims had not returned.

She leaned on the gate a few minutes in that indistinct, dreamy happiness which is the prerogative of innocent love.

"How wonderful it is that he should give a thought to me!" she said again and again to herself. It was as if a king had stooped for a little knot of daisied grass to set in his crown where the great diamonds should be.

She did not reason. She did not question. She did not look beyond that hour—such is the privilege of youth.

"How I will read! How I will learn! How wise I will try to be; and how good, if I can!" she thought, swinging the little gate lightly under her weight, and looking with glad eyes at the geese as they frisked with their young in the pasture on the other side of the big trees, whilst one by one the stars came out, and an owl hooted from the palace-woods, and the frogs croaked good-nights in the rushes.

Then, like a little day-laborer as she was, with the habit of toil and the need of the poor upon her from her birth up, she shut down the latch of the gate, kissed it where his hand had rested, and went to the well to draw its nightly draught for the dry garden.

"Oh, dear roses!"—till me—was ever anybody so happy as I am? Oh, if you say 'yes' I shall tell you you lie; silly flowers that were only born yesterday!"

But the roses shook the water off them in the wind, and said, as she wished them to say,

"No; no one, ever before, Bebee; no one ever before."

For roses, like everything else upon earth, only speak what our own heart puts into them.

An old man went past up the lane; old Jehan, who was too ailing and aged to make one of the pilgrimage. He looked at the little quick-moving form, grayish white in the starlight, with the dark copper vessel balanced

on her head, going to and fro betwixt the well and the garden.

"You did not go to the pilgrimage, poor little one!" he said across the sweet-brier hedge. "Nay, that was too bad; work, work, work; thy pretty back should not be bent double yet. You want a holiday, Bebee; well, the Fete Dieu is near. Jeannot shall take you, and maybe I can find a few sous for gingerbread and merry-go-rounds. You sit dull in the market all day; you want a feast."

Bebee colored behind the hedge, and ran in and brought three new-laid eggs that she left in the flour-bin in the early morning, and thrust them on him through a break in the brier. It was the first time she had ever done anything of which she might not speak; she was ashamed, and yet the secret was so sweet to her.

"I am very happy, Jehan, thank God!" she murmured, with a tremulous breath and a shine in her eyes that the old man's ears and sight were too dull to discern.

"So was she," muttered Jehan, as he thrust the eggs into his old patched blue blouse. "So was she. And then a stumble—a blow in the lane there—a horse's kick—and all was over. All over, my pretty one—for ever and ever."

CHAPTER XX.

On sudden impulse Flamen, going through the woodland shadows to the city, paused and turned back; all his impulses were quick, and swayed him now hither now thither in many contrary ways.

He knew that the hour was come—that he must leave her and spare her, as to himself he phrased it, or teach her the love words that the daisies whisper to women.

And why not?—any way she would marry Jeannot.

He, half-way to the town, walked back again and passed a moment at the gate; an emotion half pitiful, half cynical, stirred in him.

Anyway he would leave her in a few days; Paris had again opened her arms to him; his old life awaited him; women who claimed him by imperious unromantic demands reproached him; and after all this day he had the Gretchen of his ideal, a great picture for the future of his fame.

As he would leave her anyway so soon, he would leave her unscathed—poor little field-flower—he could never take it with him to blossom or wither in Paris.

His world would laugh too utterly if he made for himself a mistress out of a little Fleming in two wooden shoes. Besides—

Desides, something that was half weak and half noble moved him not to lead this child, in her trust and her ignorance, into ways that when she awakened from her trance would seem to her shameful and full of sorrow. For he knew that Bebee was not as others are.

He turned back and knocked at the hut door and opened it.

Bebee was just beginning to undress herself; she had taken off her white kerchief and her wooden shoes; her pretty shoulders, and her little neck above white in the moon, her feet were bare on the mud floor.

She started with a cry and threw the handkerchief again on her shoulders, but there was no fear of him; only the unconscious instinct of her girlhood.

He thought for a moment that he would not go away until the morrow—

"Did you want me?" said Bebee softly, with wumpy eyes of surprise and yet a little startled, fearing some evil might have happened to him that he should have returned thus.

"No, I do not want you, dear," he said gently; no—he did not want her, poor little soul; she wanted him, but he—there were so many of these things in his life, and he liked her too well to love her.

"No, dear, I did not want you," said Flamen, drawing her arms about him, and feeling her flutter like a little bird, while the moonlight came in through the green leaves and fell in fanciful patterns on the floor. "But I came to say—your have had one happy day, wholly happy, have you not, poor little Bebee?"

"Ah, yes!" she sighed rather than said the answer in her wondrous gladness; drawn there close to him, with the softness of his lips upon her. Could he have come back only to ask that?

"Well, that is something. You will remember it always, Bebee?" he murmured in his unconscious cruelty.

"I did not wish to spoil your cloudless pleasure, dear—for you care for me a little, do you not?—so I came back to tell you only now that I go away for a little while to-morrow."

"Go away?"

She trembled in his arms and turned cold as ice; a great terror and darkness fell upon her; she had never thought that he would ever go away. He caressed her, and played with her as a boy may with a bird before he wrings its neck.

"You will come back?"

"He kissed her—'Surely.'"

"To-morrow?"

"Nay—not so soon."

"In a week?"

"Hardly."

"In a month, then?"

"Perhaps."

"Before winter, anyway?"

He looked aside from the beseeching, fearful, candid eyes, and kissed her hair and her throat, and said, "Yes, dear, beyond a doubt."

She clung to him, crying silently—he wished that women would not weep. "Come, Bebee, listen," he said coaxingly, thinking to break the bitterness to her. "This is not wise, and it gives me pain. There is so much for you to do. You know so little. There is so much to learn. I will leave you many books, and you must grow quite learned in my absence. The Virgin is all very well in her way, but she cannot teach us much, poor lady. For her kingdom is called ignorance. You must teach yourself. I leave you that to do. The days will go by quickly if you are laborious and patient. Do you love me, little one?"

For an answer she kissed his hand. "You are a busy little Bebee always," he said, with his lips caressing her soft brown arms that were round

his neck. "But you must be busier than ever whilst I am gone. So you will forget. No, no, I do not mean that—I mean so the time will pass quickest. And I shall finish your picture, Bebee, and all Paris will see you, and the great ladies will envy the little girl with her two wooden shoes. Ah! that does not please you?—you care for none of these trifles. No. Poor little Bebee, why did God make you, or Chance breathe life into you? You are so far away from us all. It was cruel. What harm has your poor little soul ever done that, pure as a flower, it should have been sent to the hell of this world?"

She clung to him, sobbing without sound. "You will come back? You will come back?" she moaned, clasping him closer and closer.

Flamen's own eyes grew dim. But he lied to her—"I will—I promise."

It was so much easier to say so, and it would break her sorrow. So he thought.

For the moment again he was tempted to take her with him—but, he resisted it, he would tire, and she would cling to him forever.

There was a long silence. The beating of the little kid in the shed without in the shed without was the only sound; the gray lavender blew to and fro.

Her arms were close about his throat; he kissed them again, and kissed her eyes, her cheek, her mouth; then put her from him quickly and went out.

She ran to him, and threw herself on the damp ground and held him there, and leaned her forehead on his feet. But though he looked at her with wet eyes, he did not yield, and he still said,

"I will come back soon, very soon, be quiet, dear, let me go."

Then he kissed her once more many times, and put her gently within the door and closed it.

A low, sharp, sudden cry reached him, went to his heart, but he did not turn; he went on through the wet, green little garden, and the curling leaves, where he had found peace and had left desolation.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I will let her alone and she will marry Jeannot," thought Flamen; and he believed himself a good man for once in his life, and pitied himself for having become a sentimentalist.

She would marry Jeannot, and bear many children, as those people always did; and ruddy little peasants would cling about those pretty, soft, little breasts of hers; and she love them after the manner of such women, and be very content clattering over the stones in her wooden shoes; and growing brown and stout, and more careful about money, and ceasing to dream of unknown things, and not seeing God at all in the fields, but looking low and behold only the ears of the gleaming wheat and the feet of the tottering children; and so gaining her bread, and losing her soul, and stooping nearer and nearer to earth till she dropped into it like one of her own wild-blown wall-flowers when the bee has sucked out all its sweetness, and the heart has scorched up all its bloom;—yes, of course, she would marry Jeannot, and end so!

Meanwhile he had his Gretchen, and that was the one great matter.

So he left the street of Mary of Burgundy, and went on his way out of the chiming city as its matin bells were rung, and took with him a certain regret, and the only innocent affection that had ever awakened in him; and thought of his self-negation with half admiration and half derision; and so drifted away into the whirlpool of his amorous, cynical, changeable, passionate, callous, many-colored life, and said to himself as he saw the last line of the low green plains shine against the sun—"She will marry Jeannot, of course, she will marry Jeannot. And my Gretchen is greater than Scheffer's."

What else mattered very much, after all, except what they would say in Paris of Gretchen?

CHAPTER XXII.

People saw that Bebee had grown very quiet. But that was all they saw.

Her little face was pale as she sat among her glowing autumn blossoms, by the side of the cobbler's stall; and when the Varnhart children cried at the gate to her to come and play, she would answer gently that she was too busy to have play-time now.

The fruit-girl of the Montagne de la Cour hooted after her, "Gone so soon? oh! what did I say? a fine pine is sugar in the teeth a second only, but the brown nuts you may crack all the seasons round. Well, did you make good harvest while it lasted has Jeannot a fat bridal promise?"

And old Jehan, who was the tenderest soul of them all in the lane by the swans' water, would come and look at her wistfully as she worked among the flowers, and would say to her,

"Dear little one, there is some trouble; does it come of that painted picture? You never laugh now, Bebee, and that is bad. A girl's laugh is pretty to hear; my girl laughed like little bells ringing, and then it stopped, all at once; they said she was dead. But you are not dead, Bebee. And yet you are silent; one would say you were."

But to the mocking of the fruit-girl, as to the tenderness of old Jehan, Bebee answered nothing; the lines of her pretty curled mouth grew grave and, and in her eyes there was a wistful, bewildered pathetic appeal like the look in the eyes of a beaten dog, which, while it aches with pain, does not cease to love its master.

One resolve upheld her and made her feet firm on the stones of the streets and her lips mute under all they said to her. She would learn all she could, and be good, and patient, and wise, as if trying could make her wise, and so do his will in all things until he should come back.

"You are not gay, Bebee," said Anne, who grew so blind that she could scarce see the flags at the mast-heads, and who still thought that she pricked the lace patterns and earned her bread.

"You are not gay, dear. Has any had gone to see that your heart goes

away with, and do you watch for his ship coming in with the caskets? It is weary work waiting, but it is all the mean think us fit for, child. They may set sail as they like; every new port has new faces for them; but we are to sit still and to pray, if we like, and never murmur, be the voyage ever so long, but be ready with a smile and a kiss, a fresh pipe of tobacco and a dry pair of socks; that is a man. We may have cried out our hearts out—we must have ready the pipe and the socks, or 'Is that what you call love?' they grumble. You want mortal patience if you love

useless. She had a little sense left, and a few fleeting breaths to draw. "Look for the brig," she muttered. "You will not see the flag at the mast-head for the fog to-night; but his socks are dry and his pipe is ready. Keep looking, keep looking; she will be in port to-night."

But her dead sailor never came into port; she went to him. The poor, weakened, faithful old body of hers was laid in the graveyard of the poor, and the ships came and went under the empty garret window, and Bebe was all alone.

She had no more anything to work for, or any bond with the lives of others. She could live on the roots of her garden and the sale of her hen's eggs, and she could change the turnips and carrots that grew in a little strip of her ground for the quantity of bread that she needed.

So she gave herself up to the books, and drew herself more and more within from the outer world. She did not know that the neighbors thought very evil of her; she had only one idea in her mind—to be more worthy of him against he should return.

The winter passed away somehow; she did not know how. It was a long, cold, white blank of frozen silence; that was all. She studied hard, and had got a quaint, strange, deep, scattered knowledge out of her old books; her face had lost all its roundness and color, but, instead, the forehead had gained breadth and the eyes had the dim fire of a student's.

Every night when she shut her volumes she thought,—"I am a little nearer him. I know a little more."

Just so every morning, when she bathed her hands in the chilly water, she thought to herself, "I will make my skin as soft as I can for him, that it may be like the ladies he has loved."

Love to be perfect must be a religion, as well as a passion. Bebe was so. Like George Herbert's serving maiden, she swept no specks of dirt away from a floor without doing it to the service of her lord.

Only Bebe's lord was a king of earth, made of earth's dust and vanities.

But what did she know of that?

CHAPTER XXV.

The winter went by, and the snow-drops and crocus and pale hepaticas smiled at her from the black clouds. Every other spring time Bebe had run with fleet feet under the budding trees little wet bunches of violets and brier before all the snow was melted from the eaves of the Broodhuis.

"The winter is gone," the towns people used to say; "look, there is Bebe with the flowers."

But this year they did not see the little figure itself like a rose crocus standing against the brown timbers of the Maison de Roi.

Bebe had not heart to pluck a single blossom. She let them all live, and tended them to her little garden should look its best and brightest to him when his hand should lift its latch.

Only he was so long coming, so very long; the violets died away, and the first rosebuds came in their stead, and still Bebe looked every dawn and every night vainly down the empty road.

Nothing kills young creatures like the bitterness of waiting. Pain they will bear, and privation they will pass through, fire and water and storm will not appal them, nor wrath of heaven and earth, but waiting—the long, tedious, sickly, friendless days, that drop one by one in their eternal sameness into the weary past, these kill slowly but surely, as the slow dropping of water frets away rock.

The summer came. Nearly a year had gone by. Bebe worked early and late. The garden bloomed like one big rose, and the neighbors shook their heads to see the flowers blossom and fall without bringing in a single coin.

She herself spoke less seldom than ever, and now and then old Jehan, who had understood the evil thoughts of his neighbors, asked her what ailed her that she looked so pale and never stirred down to the city, now her courage failed her and the tears brimmed over her eyes, and she could not call up a brave brief work to answer him. For the time was so long, and she was so tired.

Still she never doubted that her lover would come back: he had said he would come: she was as sure that God came in the midst of the people when the silver bell rang and the Host was borne by on high.

Bebe did not heed much, but she vaguely felt the isolation she was left in: as a child too young to reason feels cold and feels hunger.

"No one wants me here now that Annie is gone," she thought to herself, as the sweet green spring days unfolded themselves one by one like the buds of the brier-rose hedges.

And now and then the loyal little soul of her gave way, and sobbing on her lonely bed in the long dark nights, she would cry out against him: "Oh, why not have left me alone? I was so happy—so happy!"

And then she would reproach herself with treason to him and ingratitude, and hate herself and feel guilty in her own sight to have thus sinned against him in thought for one single instant.

For there are natures in which the generosity of love is so strong that it feels its own just pain to disloyalty; and Bebe was one of them. And if he had killed her she would have died hoping only that no man had escaped her under the blow that ever could accuse him.

These natures, utterly innocent by force of self-accusation and self-abasement, suffer at once the torment of the victim and the criminal.

(To be continued.)

AFTER THE WEDDING.

All alone in my room at last! I thought how far they have traveled now! And so would I—I knew but how. How calm she was with her saint-like face! Her eyes are violet, mine are blue; How careless I am with my mother's lace! Her hands are whiter and softer, too. They have gone to the city beyond the hill; They must never come back to this place again. I'm almost afraid to sit here so still. If it would but thunder and lightning and rain, no! for some one may not be at rest; Some one, perhaps, is traveling to-night; I hope that the moon may shine instead. And heaven be starry and earth all bright.

It is only one summer that she's been here; It has been my home for seventeen years! And seventeen summers of happy bloom Fall dead to-night in a rain of tears. It is dark, all dark in the midnight shades, Father in heaven, may I have rest; One hour of rest for this aching head. For this throbbing heart in my weary breast?

I loved him more than she understands, For him I am kneeling with hushed hands, I loved, and I love, I love him still; More than father, mother, or life, My hope of heaven was to bear his name, My wife! the name that angels breathe, The words shall not crimson my cheek again.

'T would have been my glory the name to wreath In the princely heart from which it came.

And the kiss I gave to the bride to-night— His bride life and light grow dim— God only knows how I pressed her lips, That the kiss to her might be given to him!

—Cincinnati Commercial.

STYLES.

For the Ladies to Read.

Pompadour sateen is now used for corsets.

Gardiary is the salesman's version of jardiery.

Short black satin skirts are worn with grenadines.

Belts and rows of bows down the front are worn with polonaises.

Satin parols embroidered in pale wood shades are very handsome.

Some of the new bandana dresses are said to remind the beholder of Bardwell Sloze.

Fifteen plaited frills are set on some of the narrow petticoats worn with short-trained dresses.

A great deal of bright dressing is reported among the Quaker ladies at the English May meeting.

The Princess of Wales is hardly recognized when riding in the Row with her brother, Prince Waldemar.

Tunics that open in front are now caught together by cut steel buckles placed slightly askant.

An entirely new apron overskirt is sharply pointed in the center and shirred at intervals across its breadth.

It is said that very good coverlets may be made of strips of cotton woven together in the same way as for rag carpets.

Handkerchiefs with Japanese and cashmere borders are sold to wear with lawns and muslins having similar trimmings.

Some of the new French dresses are made short in front and on the side, but have a very short train set in the middle of the back.

The prettiest new scarf wraps for summer are made of cream-tinted lawn or crepe lisse sprinkled with flowers and edged with Breton lace.

The Countess of Flanders has consented to become one of the patronesses of the annual London exhibition of china painted by amateurs, and will present a badge for competition.

The rage for black and gold increases in England. Yellow looks bright without seeming hot, and is therefore becoming to women who have as much color as most English dames.

Small red Phrygian caps, ornamented with red feathers, are worn by French children with white bunting suits. Red stockings complete a striking costume that can hardly be called pretty.

At a costume ball given in London the other day one of the most admired dresses was that worn by a young lady who chose to array herself as an orphan from the founding hospital, and wore brown serge and white linen.

Simple folding tablets are the newest dinner cards in London, but for dinners given to special classes emblematic cards are preferred.

The bill of fare for an alderman's dinner was printed on a turtle; for musicians, on a violoncello; for yachtsmen, on a shield lying on crossed oars.

A fancy ball and two others at which ordinary costumes were worn were given recently and one enterprising young woman attended one in a pretty stylish dress, then powdered her hair in her carriage, and sailed into a second ball room as "Watteau."

"Atlas," of the London World respectfully suggests to the ladies that they should effect the most important revolution of modern times by abandoning the bonnet forever, and suggests as a substitute the Milanese veil of black lace, which is very warm when made of thick silk, and very cool when composed of chintilly.

Croizette's \$2,000 gown, ordered for London, is of pink silk covered with pearl embroidery. Its train is of violet velvet, wrought with silver and gold, and the stomacher is of gold, velvet and precious stones. Another costume is of Chestnut velvet and buff bengaline, trimmed with yellow lace embroidered with amber pearls.

A keen observer says: "The secret dread in the heart of rich, aspiring people is that they may fail in some nicely of etiquette; they are the most good-natured and obliging people to be found anywhere." Now, if she had only added that the most rude and disobliging persons are those whose long descent does not quite reconcile them to the present poverty of their families.

Said Dr. Cuyler to the girls at the Packer Institute: "Let woman do whatever she can do well. Let her walk gracefully and without stumbling. Can she set type or make a telegraph instrument talk in electric

speech? Then let her do that with a happy heart and to the music of a merry voice." Yes, and be amiably requested by the foreman or manager to make less noise.

A new way of arranging alternate black and white flounces is to graduate them from wide white and narrow black flounces to narrow white and white and wide black ones, and gowns which have the vest and sleeves composed of ruffles arranged in this way, and curtain draperies drawn back to show flounces disposed in the same manner, are said to have a ray-like effect.

A dress embroidered with small bits of mother-of-pearl sewn on the stuff costs more than if embroidered with pearls, because each piece requires to have several stitches taken in it. Dresses on which pearls are used will immediately go out of fashion in the United States when this is discovered. If an American woman can't have the best in the market she doesn't want anything.

A Parisian correspondent writes to Lippincott's: A gentleman who used to giving parties has given them up, simply because he loves his bibelots better than his friends, and the latter had managed to injure some of his dearest treasures. Private houses are becoming little museums, and a fine lady who does not collect miniatures or exquisite old fans or some other sort of ancient trumpery, is looked down upon by her superior friends.

CRAZY INDEED.

A Young Indiana Woman Insists Upon Marrying President Hayes.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati Enquirer, under date of the 1st, says: "A young lady who gave the name of Emeline Noble, and her residence 'Indiana,' called upon President Hayes yesterday, and informed him she had called in accordance with her promise to marry him. The president said he would have to consult some of his friends about the marriage, and managed to get out of the room. She was then taken in charge by an officer and conducted to the police headquarters. She was rather finely dressed, had just arrived in the city, and seemed bent upon being married. Senator Voorhees, on being informed of the case, and happening to know her parents, requested that she be sent to the government asylum for treatment. She was sent there to-day, in the meantime being provided with quarters in a hotel. She had with her \$217, which she parted with reluctantly, although she was told it would be kept safe for her at police headquarters. She appeared very indignant because the president would not marry her, as she had imagined he would, and said if he had not consented by his silence in not declining the offers she had sent him in letters, she would have married a young man in Indianapolis. Miss Noble is about twenty-seven years of age, and is not at all bad looking, and besides is well educated."

Labor Items.

The moulder's strike at Louisville still continues, the men holding out for the \$1 per day demanded.

The men at May, Andrenried & Co.'s colliery, Shamokin, Pa., struck on Tuesday for an advance of ten per cent.

The Grand Trunk railway has decided to enforce a ten per cent reduction of wages. This will be a loss of not less than \$500,000 per year to its workmen.

Harvest bands are scarce about Bettlesville, Seneca county. Wages \$2 per day. They are offering \$2.25 at Elfin for harvest hands and they are scarce at that.

The hod-carriers and bricklayers on the court-house at Springfield, Ohio, have struck for higher wages, and the new temple of justice is at a stand still until a new force can be produced.

The "pull-outs" who were on a strike at the Columbus rolling mills resumed their customary places on Monday night. Their strike was only partially successful, and the loss occasioned by their stoppage did not exceed \$500.

Birth of a Monstrosity—A Human Frog.

BELLEVILLE, July 2.—The wife of a resident of this city was delivered this morning of a human frog. The parents reside in the western part of this city. The child's head apparently grows right from the shoulders—no neck. The face is right on top of the head, with mouth and eyes precisely like a frog. The arms and legs are also an exact counterpart of that animal's, being bent in the position when swimming, the hands and feet terminating in long claws. The umbilical cord is situated on the back, and a well defined heart and liver are attached to the back of its neck. A rudimentary arm also sprouts from each side of its head. The human monstrosity was born dead, although thriving to within a few minutes of its delivery.

TRUE ECONOMY.

Here we have for our biscuits, cakes, etc., Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, which chemists and physicians have decided to be pure and healthful, and yet thousands of pounds of adulterated baking powders are used annually, simply because they are cheaper. Consider the health first—this is true economy.

The Last of This Mobster.

In the first issue of the Columbian we wrote: "This is a newspaper." We are now set to say, this is not a newspaper any more. It is a failure—from a financial standpoint.—Columbian Columbian.

Mrs. Oates's Troubles.

Messrs. Miles & Steele have cancelled their engagement with Mrs. Oates on account of her marriage with Watkins, and the publication of her nauseating note to Laurent, and Mrs. Laurent has begun a suit for \$2,000 damages for alienating her husband's affections.

HIS LAST HAND.

Death of a Famous Mississippi River Gambler.

Reminiscences of His Poker Playing in Ante-Bellum Times.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

Old John Watts was a gambler by nature. He would bet on everything, and last Thursday, when he died in his little room on Tenth street, the last words he uttered were: "I bet you I get well." There were no takers, for his son, a respected and able physician practicing in New Jersey, stood by his bedside and watched over the dying man only to alleviate the pains of death, not with any hopes of saving a life. They carried Watts out to Mount Moriah yesterday, and the humble little funeral cortege that paid the last tokens of respect to the gambler's memory, passed out of the gate of the cemetery as the long line of mourners that came to bury Maj. Maguire filed in ostentatious triumph up the road from the railroad station. Watts was not known much in Philadelphia, but more than a score of years ago his face was much seen on the Western river steamboats, and his name was as well known as any man's in the Mississippi valley. He was the typical river gambler. Elegant of address, unexcitable, calculating, skilled in cards, and willing to bet on anything in the world, he lacked nothing that could distinguish him in his calling.

A RIVER GAMBLER.

He was one of the men who traveled on the Lower Mississippi in ante-bellum days, when the entire long cabins of the steamers were given up to card parties, poker their game, and the stakes thousands. It was in those days that the pistol and bowie-knife often came in as referees in discussions over the game, but that occurred only when somebody did a mean thing with an ace or filled a pair by stealing a card, or doing some such little pleasure in a way so shamefully bold and unskillful that detection could not help but ensue. Watts would not do that; it is said. He played fair, and demanded fair play or fight. That these encounters were not of frequent occurrence with him, two bullet holes in his cheek, others in his body, and knife wounds of greater or less dimension all over him, gave testimony. For many years he traveled on the New Orleans, St. Louis and Louisville line of boats. His peculiarity of traveling was that he always made the full trip, for instance, if bound to St. Louis on one steamer, if there was no play, or if luck went against him, he would not drop off at Memphis, Vicksburg, or Cairo and try a new lay. He was always the best dressed man on the river.

CLOTHES FROM REGENT STREET.

His jewelry was unostentatious, and his clothes of the best fashion. He had his measure at Bell's in London, and that Regent street artist supplied him. A swell tailor in New Orleans once solicited Watts for an order and implored him so that he finally gave it. Watts wore the clothes for some time and talked much and in high praise of them, but refused to pay the bill when presented. By this means he found himself a defendant in a suit of law, but, setting up the plea that in condescending to wear the clothes he rendered the tailor full value by adding to the reputation of the makers. He thus won his case. Although Watts professed to be a man of honor—although a gambler—he was by no means averse to the use of means, and he did not object to take advantage of his fellow man in this way. For instance: With his friend and accomplice he would board the boat at Louisville and, scanning the passenger list, pick out for his victims some old card players of wealth with whom he was personally acquainted. To these people he would go very quietly and say of his own accomplice: "There is a man who plays high, and we can beat him; you join with me and we'll do it." The victim agrees, the party is made up, but Watts always succeeded in regulating success the wrong way for his victim, and thus the would-be biter was often bitten.

\$5,000 AND A LIFE.

One time he was accused of swindling in that way, the charge being made in the heat of play by a man from whom Watts's accomplice had just won \$10,000. "Is that your opinion?" he quietly asked. "Yes, sir; that's what I think," roared the other. "You swindled me, and I stigmatize you as a scoundrel." The hour was late, and only the watchman and the party engaged in playing heard the charge, but all of them drew back and held their breath, for they were sure Jack would take a life to wipe out the insult. It is said that he has done this thing. "I will give you \$5,000 right here if you will not make that opinion any further public," said Watts, drawing forth his pocket-book. "No, sir; I do not want the money; you cannot buy my silence with money." Then Watts smiled in his wicked way, and held a pistol in one hand and the money in the other, and said quietly, as before: "My friend, for the suppression of your opinion I offered you \$5,000. You refused. Now I offer you that amount of money and your life; do you accept?" The man looked into Jack's cold steel-gray eye, and what he read there was convincing. He took the money and his life and kept silent.

POOR TOM BOWLING.

Many stories are told of old Watts which are not traceable to any good foundation like this one, but here is one he delighted in telling, and for which he vouched for the truth: "I was always an ardent race-course better, and I followed the Kentucky stables for many a season. My last racing was the season McGrath's great race horse Tom Bowling broke down. I was breaking up myself then. We were in Saratoga, and Barron, the Negro minstrel singer, came into Morrissey's club house one night with a party, and somebody proposed that we give a song. John Matthews, the actor, was with him, and urged Barron to go ahead. He acceded and sat

down to the piano. The boys turned around for their game, and then Barron, striking a few chords, without other prelude struck up:

"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling, The darling of our crew."

"He sang it through with feeling and expression and I looked down on my cards, and by Jove, there was a tear right on the ace. Just then in burst McGrath. He caught Barron by the hand and pressed it fervently, trying to say 'thank you,' but he couldn't. All he could ejaculate as he went out of the door, with his eyes full of tears, was 'two baskets of wine.' It was not until we were well into the second basket that we lost our impressions of the utmost pathetic scene—one that more movie sporting men's hearts to pity than I ever witnessed in gambling house."

THE STEAMBOAT RACE.

All relations concur that the great steamboat race between the B. E. Lee and Natchez from New Orleans to St. Louis, broke old John Watts's heart, depleted his purse and even unsettled his mind. He staked every dollar he had, some \$20,000 it is said, on the Natchez, and lost his favorite state room on board of his favorite, but he never occupied it. Night and day, for the five days and odd hours the race lasted, he stood on the upper deck leaning over the rail, just where he was wanted the champion trophy placed when the Lee had shown that she was only the second best boat on the river, watching the contest of Leviathans. When the Natchez fell back and the Lee swept by and passed so far ahead that there was no longer any hope, old John, for he had come to be known as old, stamped, raved and swore, and finally rushed down to the bar room and drank the first drink that ever passed his lips. He paid his losses and came east and took up racing as a betting event.

In his early life he married a young Ohio girl, whose heart it is said was broken when he discovered his vocation. She died shortly afterwards, leaving him one son, whose education was carefully cared for. The schools of Europe contributed to his learning, and the old man stopped at no expense in advancing his son's welfare and position. The boy was not ungrateful, for when age and adversity had brought the old gambler to the threshold of want his son came forward and tenderly. For nearly a year the old man has been in Philadelphia receiving treatment from a great specialist in nervous affections. The old gambler preserved till the day of his death the pack of cards with which he first learned to play poker and all four. They were worn dirty, but he would have no others, and it was with many a game of solitaire with these old cards the paralytic old gambler soled the last days of his life. He was 74 years of age, and he used to say that he was the first white child born west of the Mississippi.

INCEST.

A Fine Opening for the Services of Judge Lynch.

Middleport, July 2.—Alvin Lowry was arrested to-day and taken before Mayor White on a charge of incest with his daughter Almira. The suit was instituted by citizens. The girl was present, and swore that the charge was false, though the evidence showed that they had occupied the same bed for some time during last fall and winter. The girl, who is only about fourteen years old, was delivered of a child about two months ago, which she swore belonged to a man named Jake Knapp, of Gallipolis, and who, she said, was her seducer. The parties including witnesses, were of bad character. A woman named Betts was the principal witness for the prosecution, and she swore to occupying the same bed with the father and daughter, with Lowry between, and that Lowry told her he was the first to defile the girl. The Mayor held Lowry over to court in \$200.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

Lord Call for Judge Lynch and a Hemp Rope.

A party of scoundrelly desperadoes, five in number, went to the house of John Luckey, in Estill, Ky., on Thursday night (who is lying very low with consumption and not expected to live), and after breaking down the door, dragged his two daughters out of their beds and repeatedly outraged their persons. The vicious villains made good their escape, but they are being hotly pursued by the sheriff of Estill and a posse of indignant citizens. If they are caught (and they doubtless will be) speedy justice will be meted out to them with a hammer from the nearest tree. Great excitement prevails in Estill over the affair—the most heinous crime in the Kentuckian's category, and such a case has not been known in that region for many years. Lynch law is looked upon as the only proper remedy for such beastly scoundrelism.

A Pleasant Duty.

It is always a pleasure to recommend a good article, especially one that so admirably sustains its reputation as does Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, being perfectly reliable in every respect. A severe cough or a neglected cold yields readily to its wonderful power. By the worst cases of Asthma and Bronchitis are cured in the shortest time possible. Consumption and cough worn patients will remember this remedy is guaranteed to give immediate relief. Dr. King's New Discovery is pleasant to the taste and perfectly harmless. If you value your existence you cannot afford to be without it. Give it a trial. Trial bottles free. For sale by Dreier & Co., Fort Wayne.

Whatever tends to diminish strength should be removed from the system! For those weak diseases of babyhood—Colic, Diarrhea, &c., use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup which always cures.

FOND OF HUMAN BLOOD.

Morbid Taste of a German Tailor—Biting His Wife's Arm—How the Sanguineous Fluid Brightens Him Up and Makes Him Feel Fresh.

(New York Mercury.)

Ludwig Helreifel, a German tailor, living in Avenue B, between Second and Third streets, has acquired from his neighbors the singular name of "Blood Sucker." He not only indulges in animal blood as a tonic beverage, but expresses a preference for human blood, whenever he can get it.

THIS SINGULAR APPETITE.

Was made by domestic troubles, which ended in a permanent separation between Helreifel and his wife; she, on her part, charging him with a dangerous inclination to gratify his unnatural thirst for blood at her expense.

Habitual cruelty was, however, the legal plea. Curious to know how much truth there was in the rumors and stories told of Helreifel's blood-thirsty inclinations, a Mercury reporter sought him out, in order to get from the man himself the truth, if any. Helreifel is a diminutive, swarthy man. His head is very large, and covered with a shock of bristly, black hair that makes his head appear out of all proportion to the body. Hair seems to grow everywhere upon the man; even upon the tip of his nose there is a considerable tuft of hair. He is not a prepossessing man in appearance, and this probably has had something to do with prejudicing many against him. When asked by the reporter if it was true that he habitually drank human blood, he answered by asking if the reporter was acquainted with his former wife, Margueretha. On being assured that there was no such acquaintance, he then readily and freely

TOLD HIS STORY.

"Yes, it is true that I drink blood," said Helreifel, "and it is good for me. It is a good medicine. It makes me strong. The Germans eat blood sausages, and they all say it is good, and they call mine Bloodsucker. Now, what is the difference whether I take the blood before it is made into sausages or afterwards? They make a fuss about nothing. But all the trouble came from that woman, Margueretha. She told all the women that I couldn't live without drinking the blood of some person. And the women, they told the story to everybody for the truth; but it is not so. She told them that I used to bite her arms in the night, when she was asleep, and then suck the blood. She made me so much trouble."

"But didn't you sometimes bite her arms?" Well, yes; I did bite her sometimes, but it was not for the blood, although the blood from a person is better than that from an animal. It is just as much better as good wine is better than some common wine. If you try it once you would see the difference. Human blood is richer, and it

HAS A FINE FLAVOR.

When questioned as to how he came to acquire such a singular appetite, Helreifel said it began in childhood. He was a very small delicate child, and, being the last survivor of six, his parents spared no trouble or expense to raise him in Germany, where the poorer classes eat very little meat, while the children get almost none at all. But in Helreifel's case the doctor pronounced it poverty of the blood, and ordered a solid meat diet for the child. Even this did not have the effect desired, and raw meat, and finally blood, still warm from the animal was given to him. Every morning his mother would take him to a butcher's, where for four pfennings, German money, a good drink of warm blood was obtained, the mother herself first tasting the blood to see if it was fresh and pure, or, as Helreifel expressed it, "not humbugged."

In this way he soon acquired an appetite for fresh blood. A cut, or some similar accident, when a boy at school, first gave him a taste of human blood. Perceiving at once a difference, and that human blood was superior to animal, Helreifel acquired an actual appetite, a craving for the former. One reason for this preference was, he thought, because human blood was very difficult to obtain.

At parting Helreifel warned the reporter against heeding the slanders of his neighbors. "I like blood because it is good," he said, "but these foolish women think I am like that bat which sucks the blood from people's feet at night until they are dead. I am not like that, and they tell lies about me when they call me Bloodsucker. I believe some of them think I would suck the blood from my own veins if I could not get it from another person, and that is humbug. I like a glass of human blood just as people like a glass of good wine. It brings a good feeling and makes me fresh and healthy; a good wine does the same thing; there is no difference."

My Wife Suffered with prolapsus uteri, fluor albus, complicated with other female troubles. Her life was miserable. Rev. Guy S. Frazee, of the Methodist Church, advised me to try Giles' Liniment-Jodide Ammonia, he telling me of the wonders it had performed on his wife, who was a martyr to such troubles, and is now well. I obtained the Liniment, and my wife is cured.

CHARLES R. JONES, Editor Observer, Charlotte, N. C.

Write to Dr. Giles, 320 West Broadway, N. Y., who will cure without charge.

Giles' Pills cure Gout. Sold by all druggists.

Trials bottles 25 cents.

If ever there was a specific for the cure of all malarial diseases, such as the fever produced by swamp poison, like intermittent, or Chills and Fever, Dumb Chills and Enlarged Spleen, it is certainly Dr. F. Wilcox's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic. From its composition, which accompanies each bottle, it may be seen that it contains no dangerous drug, and that in these diseases it never fails, as guaranteed by its proprietors, Whittlock, Finley & Co., New Orleans, La. For sale by all druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who suffer from the various and indiscreet use of cathartics, purgatives, and other remedies, I will send a free copy of my new and improved medicine, which is covered by a mission in the American States, and is a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station, New York City.

PRESCRIPTION FREE.

Daily Sentinel.

THE "SENTINEL"

Has the Largest Bona Fide Circulation of Any Daily Paper in the State, outside of Indianapolis. Advertisers and Others are Invited to Call at this Office and Verify this Assertion.

THE CITY.

Samuel Chaska was in town yesterday.

The Olympic closes to-night for the season.

Democratic caucus in the First ward to-night.

L. B. Root and wife, of New York, are in the city.

Wm. J. Hasey, of Mount Vernon, O., was in town yesterday.

The Hon. J. H. Rice, of New Albany, was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. P. A. Fox and Mrs. Culeb Clapp are residing at Rome city.

A. M. Webb's murderer has been seen again. This time at Indianapolis.

The contract for a new brick school house in Adams township will be awarded to-day.

J. L. Williams, of Lima, Ind., spent the 4th in this city, the guest of O. T. Thomas.

Mrs. Frank Stophlet will leave next week for Kansas, where she expects to spend the summer.

Judges Lowry, Zollars and Nindes will leave with their families for Petoskey next week.

Miss Breinerkamp, of Decatur, is in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ulrich Deininger.

Gen. Reub Williams, of the Warsaw Indian, and family, were at the Avenue House yesterday.

C. W. Squires, formerly proprietor of the 99-Cent Store, was in town yesterday, celebrating the Fourth.

Will Craig, the popular and good looking clerk of Wells county, took his Fourth of July in Fort Wayne.

Dr. W. H. Myers has returned from Kansas City. He has abandoned, for the present, the idea of locating at that point.

This will be the last night of the "Black Crook" which has had the unprecedented run (for Fort Wayne) of two weeks.

Sergeant Ed Kennedy was in town yesterday and got up a very successful 4th of July celebration all by himself. He was quite successful.

Hob. T. S. Briscoe, of Hartford City, showed his smiling face upon our streets yesterday and was kept very busy shaking hands with his numerous friends.

The following teachers have been engaged for the New Haven public schools next year: Principal, J. W. Kibby; intermediate, Victoria Harper; primary, Maggie A. Tower.

Rockport (Ill.) Sunday Gazette: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. E. Meyer, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Moffat, of 705 Oak street, East Side, will leave this week for their home.

Huntington Democrat: Mr. M. L. Graf, an attorney of Fort Wayne and a clever and genial gentleman, was in the city this week on legal business, and during his stay made a very pleasant call at the Democrat office.

Yesterday morning about ten o'clock, the cry of murder was raised near Columbia street. It was caused by two rag-muffins scuffling with each other. It was the means of attracting a large crowd.

Mrs. E. A. Packard, widow of the inventor of the Packard organ and founder of the Fort Wayne Organ Company, was married at Mendota, Ill., on the 12th inst., to Daniel Sander, a leading citizen of that place.

Frank Faulkner yesterday performed a feat which is destined to carve his name on the tablets of fame. It was the lifting of a boy about fifteen years of age into a vehicle moving at the rate of about ten miles per day.

New Haven Palladium: Miss Mary Schnelker has returned home. Miss Schnelker has been attending school at the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, where she acquitted herself at the late commencement exercises with high honors.

The water works question has excited considerable interest in the fifth ward. A very enthusiastic meeting was held at the corner of Wilt and Union streets Wednesday evening, quite a number of ladies being among the spectators. Another meeting will be held at the same place this evening. Those interested in the stand-pipe will please take notice.

Huntington Democrat: Rev. M. Grosley, of Fort Wayne, preached at the court house last Sunday morning and evening, according to previous announcement, to large houses, and in sermons gave very general satisfaction. In the afternoon he delivered the address before the Temperance Union, and it was a very able effort. The house was crowded and everybody well pleased that they had come to hear the speaker.

A SUCCESS.

Grand Celebration of the Fourth of July.

The City Gaily Decorated with Flags and Bunting.

Twenty Thousand People in Attendance.

The Procession an Imposing and Creditable Affair.

Scenes at Swinney Park in the Day and Evening.

Horse Races, Fire Works, Balloon Ascent, Rope Walk, Accidents and Incidents.

The Fourth of July, 1879, will long be remembered in this city. For the first time in eight years a grand union, old fashioned celebration was held, and the crowd which assembled was the largest ever gathered in this city, with the possible exception of the great Douglas meeting in 1860. The day was ushered in by the firing of cannon, the activity in this line beginning as early as 3 o'clock. The day dawned clear and beautiful, but Old Sol began quite early to get in his best looks, and the heat was very severe. In the forenoon the clouds began to gather in an ominous way, and all the indications pointed to rain, notwithstanding which the crowds poured in from all directions. They came on foot, in wagons, on horseback, in stages and in fact vehicles of every description. The excursion trains rolled into the depot crowded to their almost capacity. Six hundred passengers came from Bluffton alone, and other surrounding towns were represented in proportion. By nine o'clock Calhoun, Columbia, Court and other streets were literally jammed with a mass of sweltering but good humored human beings, bent on enjoyment. The street cars, busses, wagons, etc., were overloaded. Every vehicle in town seemed to be on the streets. Every window was crowded with faces, and the hotel balconies were black with spectators. The streets were gay with bunting evergreens and tasty decorations of all kinds. The saloons, cigar stores, drug stores, etc., did an immense business dealing out refreshments of all kinds.

The procession formed with the head resting at the corner of Court and Berry streets, facing west, as previously announced. About 11:30 the procession began to move westward on Berry street. It was headed by Chief Marshal Zollinger and four assistants and the St. Cecilia Cornet Band. Then followed the police force in full uniform, being their first appearance in their new livery. The force made a noticeable feature in the parade as their bearing and march were almost faultless. They were followed by bright carriages containing the city officers, city councilmen, the chaplain and speaker of the day, Mayor Jacobs, of Logansport, City Treasurer O'Brien, of Huntington and other invited guests.

Next was the fire department headed by the City Band, who were followed by the chief engineer and his assistants on horseback. First came the old Alerts, who faithfully marched through the choking dust. There were twenty-five of them. The hook and ladder wagon was immediately in their rear being very handsomely and tastefully decorated.

The Charlie Zollinger fire engine followed the hook and ladder truck and then came the Vigilant Hose Company, eight in number; then the Vigilant hose cart and engine followed by another detachment of eight Vigilants.

The Torrent hose carriage and the Frank Randall engine came next, together with another hose cart. St. Paul's Band was next in order, followed by the Fort Wayne Sauerbund in a wagon of immense proportions drawn by eight caparisoned horses.

The wagon was forty feet in length and was covered with evergreens and flags, the whole surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty and four ladies dressed in white. The turn-out of the Sauerbund office they gave three rousing cheers and a tiger for the most popular paper in northern Indiana. A number of arches had to be lowered in order to give the wagon passage. Following the Sauerbund were eight small boys on horseback, and the masqueraders. There were in the masquerade troupe gey cavaliers from Spain, in black and gold; the woolly man of the Sierras, the powdered gentleman of the revolution, the ace of spades and the great war chariot of King David. This chariot however, came to a tragical end, on the corner of Barr and Columbia streets, by the sudden and spontaneous collapsing of a wheel. The daring characters were obliged to mount their fiery chargers and ride the balance of the way.

The Peters Box and Lumber Co. followed the charioteers in a large wagon decorated with the emblems of their trade. Patterns, circular and drum saws and other tools ornamented their wagon. They were followed by two display wagons from Wilding & Son's wood and coal yard. The dusky diamonds were piled high on the wagon, surmounted by a grimy miner with

pick in hand and his head-lamp burning brightly.

C. L. Centlivre, Fort Wayne's enterprising brewer, now fell into line with a splendidly arranged wagon illustrative of his industry. On the wagon was a large beer hogshead, upon which King Gambrinus was complacently seated, the envid of all beholders. His supply of beer was not stinted in the least, and he dealt it out liberally to his fellow voyagers. Another wagon representing the other branch of his business, followed Gambrinus, namely bottled beer. A jolly looking party were seated on the wagon, apparently enjoying the luxury of frequent draughts of bottled beer. Centlivre's display was the most suggestive and elaborate of any in the procession.

Treatman, Mouning & Son followed in the wake of the beer wagon with a wagon representing the White Fawn Baking Powder.

Vordermark's great boat with a cobbler seated in the shade of it completed the trades display, and about twenty-five citizens in carriages finished the procession. It was fully a mile in length and the display was the finest Fort Wayne has ever seen upon any similar or other occasion. The procession passed over the route as advertised. The column started from the engine house, then went on Berry to Calhoun, south on Calhoun to Jefferson, east on Jefferson to Lafayette, north on Lafayette to Columbia, west on Columbia to Calhoun, south on Calhoun to Berry, west on Berry to Broadway, south on Broadway to Washington, west on Washington to Swinney Park.

Upon their arrival at the park the Sauerbund wagon had to be partially dismounted in order to give it an entrance into the Fair Grounds. Vordermark's boat had also to be turned, twisted and tipped through the gate. The display wagons were driven into the enclosure inside the race track; the City Band also repaired to a stand inside the enclosure and during the day, at frequent intervals, discoursed some very excellent and appropriate music.

AT THE PARK

An effort was made to get the multitude, or at any rate a part of them to a close proximity to the judges stand, so as to give them an opportunity to hear the addresses to be delivered by Judges Lowry and Taylor, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, etc., as per the programme, but American patriotism was too much enthused to be contained long enough to listen to an address, the import of which they had been taught from their cradle. So, after several ineffectual attempts to gather a crowd, the project was abandoned.

On Thursday night Frank Wise, son of P. J. Wise, aged thirteen, shot himself in the hand, while toying with a revolver, inflicting a painful flesh wound.

Frank Burne, a butcher, suffered a runaway accident at the Park yesterday afternoon. He was thrown out and slightly hurt. Two little girls were in the buggy. They jumped out but escaped unhurt.

Julius Beyerlein, aged 28, son of George Beyerlein, fell from a swing at Swinney Park yesterday and was badly hurt. He was unconscious for some time but finally revived and was taken home. His injuries are not dangerous.

A pair of carriages indulged in a smash up and general demolition at the Park last evening.

NOYES.

The celebration cost about \$2,000. The grand stand was well patronized.

A fight occurred in the morning at corner of Calhoun and Main streets. Frank Voirel had his dog decorated yesterday.

A remedy for deafness, was advertised by a fourth class doctor, yesterday.

Hon. Peter Kiser entertained a large concourse of people with his scrap books, etc.

One of the young ladies while dancing at Low Clark's platform had a fit. The fair grounds presented a dazzling scene of splendor last evening.

A little boy about ten years of age was run over at the fair grounds. His name was not learned.

A scooner who had imbibed too much tanglefoot yesterday sought repose behind the grand stand.

Beer flowed in torrents at the fair grounds yesterday.

The city will be comparatively quite new until the 15th, which is circus day.

It was almost impossible for the patrolmen to keep persons off the track at the fair grounds yesterday.

Dan Harmon's wheels of fortune did an immense business.

Charley Brackenridge and Charley McCulloch turned out with the Alerts yesterday, and presented an imposing appearance.

Prof. Lant Rogers, the eminent violinist, conducted the orchestra at Low Clark's soiree dante yesterday.

Mike Kelly had the finest illumination and display on the south end of Calhoun street, last evening.

Schuyler Colfax orated to the people of West Lebanon, yesterday.

The Wabash and Pittsburgh roads brought about three hundred people each to Fort Wayne, yesterday.

The G. R. & I. and C. R. F. W. R. R. deposited about one hundred excursionists on the south end of Fort Wayne on the Fourth.

Thousands of people visited the city yesterday from the country. Almost the entire population of the county was present.

The auditing committee will meet to-night to audit the accounts of the celebration.

A good deal of gingerbread was demolished by the rustic portion of the celebration, yesterday.

A good many high minded people, took the court house steeple for an observatory yesterday.

At the park yesterday afternoon

It landed on a house top, and was badly torn. The "professor" landed safely and quietly on the ground, but was not hurt.

OTHER FEATURES.

The base ball game, boat race and band contest were dispensed with.

THE FIREWORKS.

The most successful feature of the entire affair was the pyrotechnical display at Swinney Park, last night. The crowd was perfectly immense. Every available foot of ground in the park was monopolized and during the periods of illumination the vast sea of upturned faces, presented a grand spectacle, and hundreds of vehicles and equipments of all descriptions, covered the hill. The Fort Wayne City Band enlivened the occasion with a number of splendid selections, which were much enjoyed. The fireworks lasted two hours, and were altogether the finest ever seen in this city. The various designs and emblematic pictures, the stars, eagles, mortars, flares, etc., were beautiful, beyond description, and the vast crowd left highly pleased with the entertainment.

THE DECORATIONS.

The city presented a most lovely appearance. Everybody seemed to be fully awake to the necessity of doing his share towards making the celebration a grand success. The entire business portion of the city was draped with flags, wreathes, bunting, etc.

The residence portion of the city presented a very striking appearance. From the windows and house-tops of nearly every building flags or other emblems expressive of jollification were displayed in magnificent splendor. Quite a number of stores and residences were decorated with much taste and skill, and presented a most pleasing spectacle. Among those who decorated their homes were the following:

[A full list of those who decorated had been compiled but a press of other matter rendered it its omission necessary. It comprised several hundred names, and for further particulars our readers are referred to the city directory. Some of the more handsome displays were worthy of a more extended notice than space permits us to give.]

CASUALTY LIST.

A little boy named Christie, aged about thirteen years, fell off a swing at the picnic at Williams Grove, yesterday, breaking his right arm. He was brought to the city and had his arm set at once.

Tom Kelly of Grand street, was quite severely injured Wednesday evening by the premature discharge of a toy cannon, the hickory ramrod penetrating his leg to the bone.

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At the park yesterday afternoon

two Italians had a set-to with brass knuckles for a small wager. Each was badly punished. No arrests.

It was on the grand stand and his head rested lovingly on her shoulder, and in plaintive accents he told her of his undying love. The witnesses were highly entertained.

Among those who attracted attention in the procession was a young clerk in the auditor's office who rode a mule that looked as if he had been put together by sections.

All the disreputable characters were not at Low Clark's last night. There was a "hoo-doo" dance at Lafayette Hall, the most interesting feature of which was the thumping of a girl by a young gambler.

Emanuel church had a very pleasant picnic at Williams' grove yesterday. Early in the morning a procession formed at the church and proceeded to the grove. Several hundred school children were in line, and the procession presented a fine appearance. The exercises consisted of music, games, refreshments, etc., and passed off pleasantly.

A young man from the rural districts accommodated another young gentleman from the metropolis with the time of day. The metropolitan remarked that it was a good watch, and immediately appropriated the same to himself. The young man from the r. d. at once remarked "Police police!" but the police were not, and he therefore continues to mourn the loss of his chronometer.

Last evening a young man escorted his Dulcinea to see the fire works at Swinney Park. During the evening he turned around to "give her a breeze" as it were, and found her gone. He at first thought that she had "gone off with a hand-some man." He was relieved, however, to find that she had only slipped through between the seats and was under the amphitheatre. He dropped down and rescued her. She came up smiling and resumed her seat.

An exciting episode occurred last night in a street car coming from the park. The car was the last to leave the park, and was crowded to its utmost capacity. When it had got three or four squares from the park, a man who was on the rear platform suddenly assaulted a well dressed fellow who was seated in the car, dealing him a sudden and severe blow in the face. The latter asked the cause of the assault when the striker responded "Dam you, you're the man that picked my pockets when I was holding up my child." The man denied it, whereupon he received another blow. He then struck back, hitting the assailant once and striking at him again, but he missed his mark and thumped one of his companions in the nose. The excitement was intense, ladies screaming, children crying, etc. The man who had been first struck then pulled a revolver, which didn't quiet matters anyway. The police were called for but didn't show up, and the driver failed to show the desired nerve. Finally the man who claimed to have been robbed got off the car with his wife and child, and the alleged thief rode down town. The names of the parties could not be learned.

PATRIOTS PULLED.

Sergeant Ed. Kennedy Before the Mayor.

Interesting Session of the Police Court.

A very small delegation of patriotic Americans appeared at the Mayor's court this morning.

Ed. Kennedy came with the excursion from LaGrange yesterday to take in the Fourth of July. He took in the Fourth and the Fourth, with magnificent reciprocity took him in. Ed got drunk, that is, as it were. Ed said he wasn't feeling well—had the ague—and merely took a tonic to fix him up, and instead of that it fixed him down. He thought a fellow had a right to tone up a little on the Fourth of July. Ed lost his money and ticket besides. "When were you here before?" "About last March."

"When are you coming again?" "I don't know. It seems as though I was doomed to get into trouble every time I come to town."

"Well, I'll keep you out of trouble for ten days, but will suspend judgment during good behavior."

Mrs. Mary Murphy shed the light of her countenance upon the surrounding groom. Mrs. Murphy, it will be remembered, was tried by Justice Fruit, a few days ago, for an assault and battery upon Mrs. Mary Demore at Bond's novelty store. She was convicted and sentenced to jail, but as a justice court cannot commit females to jail under the statutes, Mrs. Murphy said "I'll see you later" and walked out. She was this morning tried for violating a city ordinance, and sentenced to fifteen days in jail. She refused to go, and Fuller had a lively little waltz trying to persuade her to accompany him; finally they compromised and Mrs. Murphy took one side of the street and Frank took the other, while they went in search of bail. Mrs. Murphy will not go over.

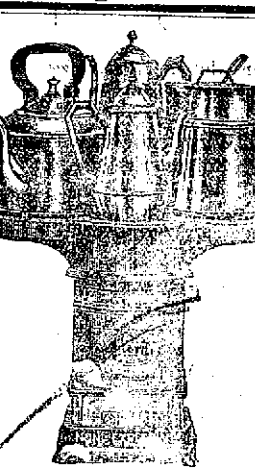
Last Thursday an article appeared in the SENTINEL respecting some trouble between Mrs. Arabella Young and Mr. Simon Peters. That article got Simon into trouble last evening. Mr. Young and his partner, Mr. Abner Williams, tackled Mr. Peters in the house of Mr. Jackson Black on Harrison street, and proceeded immediately and forthwith to put a head on him. Simon was too many for them and held them off until they were separated.

This morning Simon filed an affidavit against them for assault and battery. The trial is set for Monday, when the fur is expected to fly. Simon also filed an affidavit against Mrs. Young for provoking in that, as stated on Thursday, she called him a "mink."

Johnston's Sarsaparilla

Cures Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

THEORY OF T. MOORE.



Absolutely Safe!
THE CELEBRATED
Adams & Westlake
WIRE GAUZE
NON-EXPLOSIVE
Oil Stove!
—FOR—
Baking, Broiling, Ironing,
BOILING
Every work done on a cook stove.
Expense Less than One Cent per Hour.
PRESCOTT BROS. & CO.
ap10117

Fort Wayne Telephonic Exchange.

(Licensed under Alex. Graham Bell's Patents.)
Central Office, 34 Calhoun Street.

This Exchange will be open for business in a few days, fully equipped with the latest and most improved paraphernalia. It will have 100 subscribers, including all the Railroads, Express Cos., Fire and Police Departments, AND THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN.

Have been secured, and the list is increasing daily. A large force of men are employed constructing lines and setting up instruments.

Terms and any Other Information Desired will be cheerfully furnished.

SIDNEY C. LUMBARD,
MANAGER.

Dear Old Dog.

Divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy, little and proud, Fair and foolish, dark and sweet.

A little reading: Tall and splendid, little and neat, Fair and pleasant, dark and sweet. Translation should be: High and beautiful, little and witty, Fair and lovely, dark and pretty.

Sold silver and silver-plated ware, all plated ware, triple plated cutlery, cutlery, knives, spoons and forks; sea and dinner sets, etc.; 100 pieces of good crockery, only \$10; students' lamps. Everything 20 percent cheaper, for cash, than anywhere else. Ward's Cheap Crockery Store, No. 8 West Columbia street. (Sign, big iron dog.)

Interesting to Ladies.

As an indication of success, earned by real merit, it is worth mentioning that Mrs. Emma Soule receives many orders for bonnets and dresses from distant cities, much to the credit of Chicago.

Wherever the work of this artist is seen it creates favorable comment. High elegant parlors, 170 State street (opposite the Palmer House), are daily thronged with the fashionable ladies of Chicago and the great northwest.

For large back, shirt or best use SHILOH'S GROSS PLASTER. Price, 25 cents. Sold by Dr. J. B. Bro.

Free Lunch.

At Gus Schmitt's to-night. Soup and all kinds of refreshments. Best beer in the city. Don't forget.

The Kentucky Liquor Store, No. 14 East Calhoun street, keeps the best and finest assortment of liquors. Call and ask for yourself. 633 Main. MAX KUTNER & Co.

Davis, the new dealer, has removed two doors north of (Buckell's Old Stand), 70 Calhoun street, opposite the Avenue House. 711f

REMOVED.

Geo. W. Long, Dentist, to his new room, over Mayner & Graf's jewelry store, corner of Calhoun and Columbia streets, where he can be found at all hours of the day and night. Prices in keeping with the times. 5-14*8m.

Meats and Flour Reduced.

Best Sugar-cured Hams, 9c. Sugar-cured Shoulders, 8c. Best White Flour per barrel, \$5.00. FRUIT HOUSE.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The Hop Bitters manufactured by the company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—Graphic.

DR. JAMES'...

GRAY'S SPECIFIC REMEDY.

TRADE MARK THE GREAT "RADE MARK."

English Remedy...

Before Taking...

After Taking...

Root & Comp'ny's CLOAK SHAWL and SUIT DEPARTMENT

AN ELEGANT LINE OF
Linen Suits,
Lawn Suits,
Percale Suits,
Gingham Suits,
Stuff and Silk Suits
Elegantly made up to the latest
Styles and at Extraordinary Low Prices.

HANDSOME LINE OF
SILK AND DRAP D'ETRE
GARMENTS,
In the Newest and Most Elegant Shapes.

SHEPHERD SHAWLS
In all Colors.

WHITE LAWN BASQUES.

Infants' Circulars,

Pique and Merino,
Elegantly Made and Trimmed.

Fancy, India and Camel's Hair Shawls,
An excellent assortment.

BARGAINS IN
Real Llama Lace Points.

Large assortment of
Linen and Worsted Dusters.

DRESS GOODS.
We have now in stock the largest assortment of

SEASONABLE DRESS GOODS
ever before offered by us, composed in part of
Grenadine, Batiste, in stripes and
Lace Mesh, and in every desirable shade.
Pekin Satins and Grandines in
Black and Colors and in various Choice
designs in Lawns and Organdies.

The most elegant assortment of
SILKS,
in Plain Black and Colors, Brocades,
Stripes, Cheviots, etc., than we have
ever before been able to offer to the trade.

OUR STOCK
Of Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, Fans,
Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Lace
Mitts, Scarfs, Ties, Lace Goods, etc.,
was never so extensive.

Root & Company
46 and 48 Calhoun Street.

NEW GOODS.
Deviled Menns,
Hawkins' Soap,
Peppermint Vaseline,
Condensed Milk,
Canned Apples,
Canned Cauliflower.

BOSTON TEA STORE.
Milk Depot.
Choice Butter, Sweet Milk, Sour
Milk, Butter, Milk and Cream. Also
Fruits, Vegetables, Eggs and Dressed
Poultry. J. F. NOBLE & CO.,
19 West Berry Street,
The City Front.

LOUIS WOLF

Exceptional Bargains
IN

DRESS GOODS

All Wool Twilled Hosiery.

25 pieces of All Wool Hosiery,
in all the desirable shades, at
25¢ per pair.

50 pieces of Royal Cashmeres
at 15¢ per yard.

Monie Cloths
reduced to 30¢ per yard.

Scotch Zephyrs
reduced down from 35¢ to 25¢
per yard.

I ask attention to these goods, as they
are reduced at a great percent.

In addition to the above

GREAT BARGAINS

I open a new line of

Organdies and Lawns

In which are many novelties in shade
and pattern, and shall continue to offer
them at the lowest cash prices.

Dress Goods Department.

Customers will find all my novelties,
Cashmeres, Camel's Hair Cloths, etc., at a
great reduction from the prices of a few
weeks since.

Louis Wolf,
No. 7 Keystone Block,
Calhoun Street,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

TRY JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA
For the cure of Sick Headache, For sale by
ap2wlm

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

John Sheehy Patronizes a
Fourth of July Dance.

And Winds up With a Fatal
Stab in His Side.

He Breathed His Last at Nine
O'clock This Morning.

The Murderer as yet Unknown
—An Unsolved Mystery.

At 10 o'clock last night John Sheehy lay dying under the trees at the picnic grounds in Swinney Park. About sixty feet distant a motley crowd of BEDIZENED STRUMPETS AND PAINTED HARLOTS, with thieves, blacklegs and loafers in the last stages of intoxication were dancing on Lew Clark's platform to the inspiring (?) notes of two wheezy old fiddles, and the monotonous sing-song drawl of the half-drunk caller, who shouted out "balance to the next," "all hands around," with remarkable regularity, considering his condition. A few feet distant was the beer stand, where another group of pumps and prostitutes were engaged in further pouring down the liquids with which they were already thoroughly soaked. The word went around among the dancers and beer guzzlers that a man had been stabbed, but there was no cessation of

THE MAD REVELRY, and as the life blood trickled slowly from the death wound in the side, and the helpless man under the tree called in a weak and trembling voice for help, the caller shouted to the drunken mob, to "choose partners for another set" and the drunken orgie went on. Finally some friends of the wounded man found him picked him up as tenderly as possible, placed him in a carriage and conveyed him to his home on Taylor street near Broadway. Dr. Myers was summoned and at once pronounced the wound a fatal one. Sheehy lived until 9 o'clock this morning, when he breathed his last. He was conscious until the last moment, and told all he knew of the affair, which is, however, enshrouded in a good deal of mystery.

At the time of the homicide there were not less than 10,000 or 15,000 persons on the fair grounds. The fireworks exhibition was just drawing to a close when young Sheehy received his death wound. Yet of all this vast multitude it seemed impossible to find one who committed the murder or who saw it done. It appeared that Sheehy had been dancing; that

HE HAD A QUARREL with some man about one of the women who were dancing, in which quarrel the woman joined; that the three left the dancing platform and started north through the picnic grounds toward the river, and that a short time afterwards Sheehy was found lying under a tree about 60 feet from the dancing platform with a deep gash in the left abdomen. The evening was a very light one, as the moon was at its full; but the picnic grounds were heavily shaded, and the hundreds of drunken revellers who filled it, heeded nothing but their own pleasure.

SENTINEL reporters this morning started out to make a

THOROUGH INVESTIGATION into what seemed to be a very mysterious case. The residence of the deceased was first visited. The body was laid out in the sitting room, and the aged and weeping mother was sitting by its side. She was unable to talk much. She said her son told her he was walking with a woman whose name he did not know when a stranger walked up and stabbed him. He had had no quarrel and did not know who killed him or why it was done.

Young Sheehy could not tell anything about the matter in addition to what his mother said. He did not know what woman was with his brother, and had no idea who did the stabbing. He said that his brother and Leonard Iba were good friends, and he was satisfied that Leonard Iba had nothing to do with it. While a crowd was in the house, a boy went in, looked at the body and said,

"I KNOW WHO STABBED HIM." He was not questioned, and soon after disappeared. A SENTINEL reporter tried to find this boy, but as no one knew him the effort was unsuccessful. It was rumored that Iba had something to do with the matter. He has had a bad reputation and has been mixed up with several serious affairs. He recently served a fifty days sentence in jail. A SENTINEL reporter visited him at his house and found him in bed. He had not heard of Sheehy's death. He reluctantly made a statement in substance as follows:

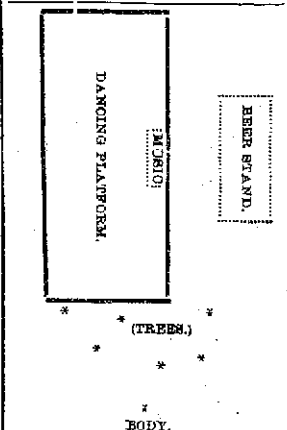
WHAT IBA SAYS. "I was at the dance with Jake Huntine. He and I were sitting on the platform talking with Mrs. Richards and Emma Zink. Sheehy came up to me and asked me to introduce him to some girl. I introduced him to a girl, but I did not know her name. He asked her to take a walk and she said all right. They started away together and she said she'd be back in a few moments. I went to dancing and in a very short time heard that Sheehy was stabbed; I was dancing when he was stabbed; I helped put him in a carriage and take him home; he and I were good friends; I do not know the girl's name he walked away with, but would know her if I saw her."

Huntine was next seen by a SENTINEL reporter and corroborated Iba's statement.

Last night a SENTINEL man in leav-

ing the grounds, saw the somewhat notorious Mrs. Palmer (alias Cupp) with her daughter, Celestia Palmer (alias Bertie Wilson) walking along together. The latter was crying and said: "I don't care a d—n, mother, if they send me to prison for life, I can't help it." The mother was talking angrily. Thinking this might have something to do with the matter a SENTINEL reporter went to Mrs. Palmer's house, in Beck's addition, on the north side, this morning. He found that the girl had been taken by Sheriff Munson to the jail. The mother said she knew nothing about the matter. She professed to be angry at Celestia, who she claimed, had tried to get her (Mrs. P.'s) 12 year-old daughter to Lew Clark's dance. She said that was what the conversation was about last night.

A reporter visited the park this morning with a man who was present at the time of the homicide. The following diagram was made, which will give an idea of the scene of the murder. It must be borne in mind that the dancing platform was located on the "picnic grounds" about 800 feet north of the race track.



Among the bolles of the ball, was the notorious Nellie Williams alias "Wabash Nell." She was said to be implicated in some way in the murder. Towards evening, while very drunk, she had a rumour with John Stocking. After the stabbing the police started to work up the case. About 10 o'clock last night Nell Williams visited Chief Smith and stated that she had nothing to do with the murder, but professed to be able to give some startling information concerning John Stocking, Jeff Williams, and young Frank. She is kept under surveillance.

A reporter called upon Mrs. Geo. Richards and was assured by her that she knew nothing whatever about the matter.

SHEEHY'S DYING STATEMENT. Sheehy before he died made this statement in the presence of Dr. Myers and a priest: "I met the girl and went out walking with her. We had only been out two or three minutes when a man came up and took the girl away from me. As she left I tapped her on the shoulder and the man then stabbed me. I don't know the names of either of them. Iba knows the girl's name."

THE WOUND. The cut is in the lower left abdominal region and penetrated very deep.

"BERTIE WILSON" IN JAIL. Sheriff Munson to-day lodged "Bertie Wilson" in jail. She says she knows who killed Sheehy but won't tell. The sheriff thinks she will.

AUTOPSY AND INQUEST. An inquest will be held by the coroner this afternoon, Drs. W. H. and I. N. Myers and Wherry will hold an autopsy.

WHAT BERTIE SAYS. A SENTINEL reporter visited the Palmer girl at the jail this afternoon and interviewed her. She is about 18 and very pretty, but somewhat depraved. She says she knows nothing about the murder. She was at the dance in the afternoon and again in the evening. She was there with her man, John Durbin. She danced the first set with him, and then heard that there was a man stabbed. She went over to see who it was and found the deceased lying on the ground and Leonard Iba fanning him with his hat. Several other persons were around but she did not know them. They were all drunk and she was slightly inebriated herself. When she was there she asked who stabbed the man. Some one spoke up and said it was Nell Williams. She went back to the platform and resumed dancing. She afterwards saw them take the man away, but didn't suppose the man was hurt.

After the dance she went to Nell Williams's house and stayed there all night. She lives at Van Wert and came here on Tuesday. She sat down on her mother very severely, and says that ancient female was never married to her father until on his deathbed.

She mildly remarked that anybody who said she knew anything about the murder was a "G—d—d liar." She wept freely during the interview.

ANOTHER ARREST. This afternoon about 3 o'clock Sheriff Munson arrested John Durbin, in Bloomington, on suspicion of the murder. The sheriff met him on the street this morning and asked him whether he had been on the fair grounds last night and he answered, "No sir." It since appears that he was there, and was with the woman who was with Sheehy when he was killed. Durbin told the sheriff he was sorry that he told him he was not on the fair grounds, as he thought the question had reference to something else. The evidence and description points forcibly to Durbin as being the man, although nothing positive has yet been ascertained.

THE POST MORTEM.

The autopsy was made and the physicians reported that death was the result of internal hemorrhage, the result of wounds inflicted by a knife.

THE DECEASED

was about twenty-seven years of age, and his family had lived here a number of years. His mother is a widow, and he had a brother aged about twenty, and two sisters employed as servants on West Berry street. About four years ago he was married, but he and his wife parted and he joined the regular army. He served his enlistment period out and recently returned to this city, when he secured work on a P. E. construction train. About two weeks ago he hurt his arm and laid off for repairs, but had expected to resume work next Monday. He is well spoken of by those who knew him, who describe him as quiet, inoffensive and kind hearted, and not addicted to dissipation.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Israel Young, of the Wabash,
Killed at Toledo.

Arrangements for the Funeral.

Israel P. Young was run over and killed yesterday in the Wabash switching yards at Toledo while coupling cars. The deceased was well known in this city, having been born and raised in Lake township, where his parents still live. For the past fourteen years he has been employed on the Wabash Railway, most of the time in the capacity of passenger conductor. His age was about 40 years. He was a noble-hearted, genial man, and numbered his friends by the score. The deceased was a member of Wayne Lodge F. A. M. The funeral will take place to-morrow at Toledo. At 6:45 a. m. a special train will leave the south depot containing friends, relatives, masonic brethren and all other persons who desire to attend the funeral. The train will return at 8:30 p. m. The fare for the round trip has been fixed at two dollars.

BREVITIES.

The superior court meets Monday. The criminal court will meet Monday.

Democratic caucus in the first ward this evening.

First ward election next Tuesday. Lizzie Wolf died at her father's residence, in New Haven, on the 28th ult.

Murray's shops are running a full force every night until 10 o'clock.

It is rumored that a celebration of some kind was held in this city yesterday.

W. K. Owen, of this city, registered at the Oliver House, Toledo Thursday.

Alonso Carbaugh, who was bitten by a rattlesnake in Lake township, is somewhat better and slight hope is now entertained of his recovery.

John Summerville and family, of Hartford City, are in town, the guests of O. T. Thomas.

Edward Meehan has moved from No. 9 Buchanan street to 241 East Washington street.

Wm. Zeddes and Miss Augusta Bell were married at New Haven last Sunday evening. The wedding was a grand affair. Mr. Chas. Beechgood and Miss Sallie Bell were the attendants.

Louis Peltier, the undertaker, is the oldest native resident of Fort Wayne. He was born in the old fort sixty-five years ago.

An old-fashioned barn dance took place last evening at the residence of Willard Vaughan, in Aboite township. Several hundred people were present, and a grand time was had.

Mrs. L. M. Rodgers, of New Haven, had a bad fall last Monday and sustained serious injury to her right hand and wrist.

E. L. Chittenden sent two pieces of band music from New York to the city band. They played them yesterday and appreciated them very much.

A farmer's wagon broke down on East Wayne street last night from the effects of too much Fourth of July.

A. P. Cosgrove, of the Northern Indianan, is in the city visiting with his brother, Frank Cosgrove.

Frank Shaw, of Warsaw, passed the Fourth in this city.

One of the members of the "big four" is at New York.

No reader of the SENTINEL should fail to peruse Dr. Von Moschizker's "card to the public" on the first page. It is full of sound doctrine on the subject of advertising by physicians.

Calvin Heath, who had his leg amputated five weeks ago at the City Hospital, is able to be about again.

The market was slimly attended this morning.

Quite a gathering attended the police court this morning.

The honorable John Moore inhibited the police court this morning and made a vain attempt to address the artesian well from the court house steps.

The criminal court will be in session on Monday at 2 p. m.

The Fourth of July auditing committee wish all claims presented to their secretary on Monday next.

Ex-Gov. Whitaker, of Oregon, was registered at the Robinson House yesterday.

The officers of the cavalcade yesterday were: Captain, — Bradley; 1st lieutenant, W. P. Doty; 2d lieutenant, Will Blannix; orderly, Will Wilson.

The Western Union telephone transmitted a telephonic cornet solo over their line yesterday.

Frank Manuel, of Cecil, O., a guest of his brother, Jules Manuel, over the Fourth, left for his home this morning.

Auditor Argo's little girl is down with the measles.

Dr. Read, the alleged Roanoke body snatcher is in town.

H. S. Mensch has returned from Indianapolis.

J. R. Hoagland has returned.

Mrs. Murphy tried to stop the police court this morning but Marshal Diehl restrained her.

Complaint is made that boys are desecrating the old cemetery. The officers should give it attention.

A picnic was had by the scholars of Miss Annie J. Huper, of the "Road" school, on the Illinois road, in Aboite township, in Bullard's grove yesterday.

B. J. Bogue, who has been engaged at the M. E. College, returns to his home at Rootstown, O., to-day.

A dispatch to Maj. Drake from Fred Boltz reads: "Boltz first, Wells second, Kelly third."

Gus Strodel made a very fine display last night, one of the finest on the street.

C. W. Edsall and family will spend the summer at Chatsworth, Ill.

Councilman Ryan has returned from Chicago.

J. Sullivan of Murray's shops, mashed his finger on Thursday evening.

The street cars yesterday carried 8,275 passengers.

Will O'Rourke and James Kane will summer at Petoskey.

P. A. Randall has returned from Petoskey.

The Olds factory and the Wabash shops are still celebrating to-day.

Coroner Gaffney is under the weather.

Mace Long returned to-day. He spoke last night at Lake Pleasant, Mich.

Chief Smith has returned from Cincinnati with new hats for the police.

D. R. McFeeley has returned from New York city.

One of Joe Evans's oxen died yesterday, of hollow horns.

The Burlager robbery case will come up in the criminal court next Monday. The trial promises to be deeply interesting.

A canary bird belonging to one of the Olympic girls, fell from the third story of the Tremont House and had its head cut off yesterday.

At 9 o'clock Thursday evening Justice Ryan married Frank Frisby, of New Haven, and Miss Lydia Lovell, of Adams township. The ceremony took place at 79 West Main street. Mr. and Mrs. Brent Lovell attended.

At Indianapolis, on Thursday, John Sanders, of this city, pleaded guilty to the charge of passing counterfeit money, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. He was taken at once to the southern prison at Jeffersonville.

Bluffton indulged in a number of foot races, bag races, greased pole performance, etc., for the amusement of its citizens last night.

Yesterday at Fort Wayne congregated the largest number of people in one body that has ever been seen in the city, and what is remarkable there was only one arrest made for drunkenness. It was undoubtedly the most orderly and quiet crowd the city has ever seen.

Two young men, named respectively Higgins and McMally, indulged in a little jamboree on Thursday night at Gerardin's saloon, and during the progress of the amusement Higgins pitched McMally through the window.

Louis Becker, aged eighteen, who lives at No. 178 West Washington street, attended a ball at Sheldon, on Thursday night. The ball ended in a row and Becker was shot in the neck. His injuries are not serious. The name of the person who fired the shot is not known.

Splendid Shooting. Fred. Stinnet, aged fourteen years, son of W. W. Stinnet, did some remarkable shooting on Thursday afternoon north of the city. He was shooting at glass balls and made the following extraordinary score: 8-0-7-0-5-0-19-0-31-0-25-0-2-0-7. As will be seen, he made one run of 31, and another of 25, without a miss. After this shooting he fired at and struck 13 out of 15 pennies thrown consecutively into the air, and then broke 5 out of 7 balls which he threw into the air, and fired at before they fell. A 22-calibre rifle was used. Mr. Stinnet proposes to challenge any boy in the world under 20 to shoot a match with his son.

THE COURTS.

JUSTICES.

BEFORE PHATT. In the case of the State vs. Geo. Gephart, et al., and lastly upon the petition of Francis De Pierri, the defendant was taxed \$12.65.

In the case of the State vs. Richard Hines, of Hartford, for assault and battery upon the person of Newton Murray, a special policeman of telephone novelty, the court assessed a fine of \$12.65. Both cases paid over.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. Jacob M. Miller and Wilhelmina Bruer. James H. Gibson and Matilda Kerbaugh. Rinaldo Hall and Alida Bartholmer. Frank Frisby and Lida Lovell. Geo. Krumpal and Mary Noonan.

THE GREAT BARGAIN STORE

The Cheapest Store in the City.

NEW ARRIVALS

The Largest Stock and Cheapest Corsets.

BEAUTIFUL LINES

Of New Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Fans, Embroideries, Scarfs, Barbs.

FANCY WORK MATERIALS.

Wax-work, etc., White Goods, Buchings, Laces, Jewelry. GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Novelties in Fancy Goods.

PRICES REDUCED.

No pains spared to please. Stamping and fancy work to order. Knives and shears sharpened.

Money Saved at

BOND'S NOVELTY STORE.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO

Open To-day	PRICES TELL PRICES TELL PRICES TELL PRICES TELL PRICES TELL	Largest Stock
Open To-day	OPEN TO-DAY OPEN TO-DAY OPEN TO-DAY OPEN TO-DAY OPEN TO-DAY	Largest Stock
Open To-day	OPEN TO-DAY OPEN TO-DAY OPEN TO-DAY OPEN TO-DAY OPEN TO-DAY	Largest Stock
Open To-day	A few more cases of A few more cases of A few more cases of A few more cases of	Largest Stock
Open To-day	SUMMER SUITS SUMMER SUITS SUMMER SUITS SUMMER SUITS SUMMER SUITS	Largest Stock
Open To-day	At prices which lead the people to supply their wants from the house which sells the	Largest Stock
Open To-day	BEST GOODS BEST GOODS BEST GOODS BEST GOODS BEST GOODS	Largest Stock
Open To-day	For the Least Money:	Largest Stock
Open To-day	WHITE VESTS WHITE VESTS WHITE VESTS WHITE VESTS WHITE VESTS	Largest Stock
Open To-day	MOHAIR DUSTERS MOHAIR DUSTERS MOHAIR DUSTERS MOHAIR DUSTERS MOHAIR DUSTERS	Largest Stock
Open To-day	Alpaca, Drap D'Etres and other light weight goods.	Largest Stock
Open To-day	THE LARGEST STOCK THE LARGEST STOCK THE LARGEST STOCK THE LARGEST STOCK THE LARGEST STOCK	Largest Stock
Open To-day	THE FRESHEST STOCK THE FRESHEST STOCK THE FRESHEST STOCK THE FRESHEST STOCK THE FRESHEST STOCK	Largest Stock
Open To-day	THE CHEAPEST STOCK THE CHEAPEST STOCK THE CHEAPEST STOCK THE CHEAPEST STOCK THE CHEAPEST STOCK	Largest Stock
Open To-day	OF CLOTHING OF CLOTHING OF CLOTHING OF CLOTHING OF CLOTHING	Largest Stock
Open To-day	For Men, Youths and Children, ever offered in Indiana.	Largest Stock
Open To-day	FOR SALE BY FOR SALE BY FOR SALE BY FOR SALE BY FOR SALE BY	Largest Stock

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO

15 & 17 Court Street, Near the Postoffice.

Good Sized Imported
CIGAR
For 10 Cents.
Warranted Fresh.
MORDHURST'S
DRUG STORE,
Opposite Aveline House.

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING POWDER
AND
SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS.
Eminent Chemists and Physicians certify that these goods are free from adulteration, richer, more effective, produce better results than any others, and that they use them in their own families.
DR. PRICE'S
UNIQUE PERFUMES are the Gems of All Odors
TOOTH PASTE. An agreeable, healthful Liquid Dentifrice
LEMON SUGAR. A Substitute for Lemons
EXTRACT JAMAICA GINGER. From Pure Root
STEELE & PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST CEMS.
The Best Dry Top Yeast in the World.
STEELE & PRICE, Manfra, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati.

Root & Comp'ny's CLOAK SHAWL and SUIT DEPARTMENT

AN ELEGANT LINE OF
Linen Suits,
Lawn Suits,
Percalé Suits,
Gingham Suits,
Stuff and Silk Suits
Elegantly made up at the latest
styles and at extremely low prices.

HANDSOME LINE OF
SILK AND DRAP D'ETRE
GARMENTS,
In the Newest and Most Elegant Shapes.

SHEPHERD SHAWLS
In all colors.

WHITE LAWN BASQUES.

Infants' Circulars,
Pique and Merino,
Elegantly Made and Trimmed.

Paisley, India and Camellia Hair Shawls,
An excellent assortment.

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Large assortment of
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We have now in stock the largest assortment of

SEASONABLE DRESS GOODS
ever before offered by us, composed in part of Grenadine, Batiste, in stripes and blue mesh, and in every desirable shade. Pique, Satins and Grenadines in Black and Colors, and all prices. Choice designs in Lawns and Organdies.

The most elegant assortment of
SILKS,
in Plain Black and Colors, Brocades, Stripes, Cheviots, etc., than we have ever before been able to offer to the trade.

OUR STOCK
Of Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, Fans, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Lace Mitts, Scarfs, Ties, Lace Goods, etc., was never so large.

Root & Company
46 and 48 Calhoun Street.

NEW GOODS.

Deviled Meats,
Hawkins' Soap,
Fruitless Vanilla Chocolate,
Condensed Milk,
Canned Apples,
Canned Currants.

BOSTON TEA STORE.

Milk Depot.
Choice Butter, Sweet Milk, Sour Milk, Butter Milk and Cream. Also Fruits, Vegetables, Eggs and Dressed Poultry. J. H. NOTES & CO.,
19 West Perry Street.
The Blue Front.

LOUIS WOLF

Exceptional Bargains

DRESS GOODS

All Wool Twilled Debaige.

25 pieces of All Wool Bunting,
in all the desirable shades, at 25c per yard.

50 pieces of Royal Cashmeres
at 15c per yard.

Momie Cloths,
reduced to 30c per yard.

Scotch Zephyrs
reduced down from 35c to 25c per yard.

I ask attention to these goods, as they are reduced 10 percent.

In addition to the above

GREAT BARGAINS

I open a new line of

Organdies and Lawns

In which are many novelties in shade and pattern, and shall continue to offer them at the lowest cash prices.

Dress Goods Department.

Customers will find all my novelties, Cashmeres, Camellia Hair Cloths, etc., at a great reduction from the prices of a few weeks since.

Louis Wolf,
No. 7 Keystone Block,
Calhoun Street,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

TRY JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA
For the cure of Sick Headache. For sale by
J. M. SIDDLE.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

John Sheehy Patronizes a
Fourth of July Dance,

And Winds up With a Fatal
Stab in His Side.

He Breathed His Last at Nine
O'clock This Morning.

The Murderer as yet Unknown
—An Unsolved Mystery.

At 10 o'clock last night John Sheehy lay dying under the trees at the picnic grounds in Swinney Park. About sixty feet distant a motley crowd of BEDIZENED STRUMPETS AND PAINTED HARLOTS, with thieves, blacklegs and loafers in the last stages of intoxication were dancing on Lew Clark's platform to the inspiring (?) notes of two wheezy old fiddles, and the monotonous sing-song drawl of the half drunk caller, who shouted out "balance to the next," "all hands around," with remarkable regularity, considering his condition. A few feet distant was the beer stand, where another group of pimps and prostitutes were engaged in further pouring down the liquids with which they were already thoroughly soaked. The word went around among the dancers and beer guzzlers that a man had been stabbed, but there was no cessation of

THE MAD REVELRY, and as the life blood trickled slowly from the death wound in the side, and the helpless man under the tree called in a weak and trembling voice for help, the caller shouted to the drunken mob, to "choose partners for another set" and the drunken orgie went on. Finally some friends of the wounded man found him picked him up as tenderly as possible, placed him in a carriage and conveyed him to his home on Taylor street near Broadway. Dr. Myers was summoned and at once pronounced the wound a fatal one. Sheehy lived until 9 o'clock this morning, when he breathed his last. He was conscious until the last moment, and told all he knew of the affair, which is, however, enshrouded in a good deal of mystery.

At the time of the homicide there were not less than 10,000 or 15,000 persons on the fair grounds. The fire works exhibition was just drawing to a close when young Sheehy received his death wound. Yet of all this vast multitude it seemed impossible to find one who committed the murder or who saw it done. It appeared that Sheehy had been dancing; that

HE HAD A QUARREL with some man about one of the women who were dancing, in which quarrel the woman joined; that the three left the dancing platform and started north through the picnic grounds toward the river, and that a short time afterwards Sheehy was found lying under a tree about 60 feet from the dancing platform with a deep gash in the left abdomen. The evening was a very light one, as the moon was at its full; but the picnic grounds were heavily shaded, and the hundreds of drunken revellers who filled it, heeded nothing but their own pleasure.

SENTINEL reporters this morning started out to make a

THOROUGH INVESTIGATION

into what seemed to be a very mysterious case.

The residence of the deceased was first visited. The body was laid out in the sitting room, and the aged and weeping mother was sitting by its side. She was unable to talk much. She said her son told her he was walking with a woman whose name he did not know when a stranger walked up and stabbed him. He had had no quarrel and did not know who killed him or why it was done.

Young Sheehy could not tell anything about the matter in addition to what his mother said. He did not know what woman was with his brother, and had no idea who did the stabbing. He said that his brother and Leonard Iba were good friends, and he was satisfied that Leonard Iba had nothing to do with it. While a crowd was in the house, a boy went in, looked at the body and said,

"I KNOW WHO STABBED HIM."

He was not questioned, and soon after disappeared. A SENTINEL reporter tried to find this boy, but as no one knew him the effort was unsuccessful. It was rumored that Iba had something to do with the matter. He has had a bad reputation and has been mixed up with several serious affairs. He recently served a fifty days sentence in jail. A SENTINEL reporter visited him at his house and found him in bed. He had not heard of Sheehy's death. He reluctantly made a statement in substance as follows:

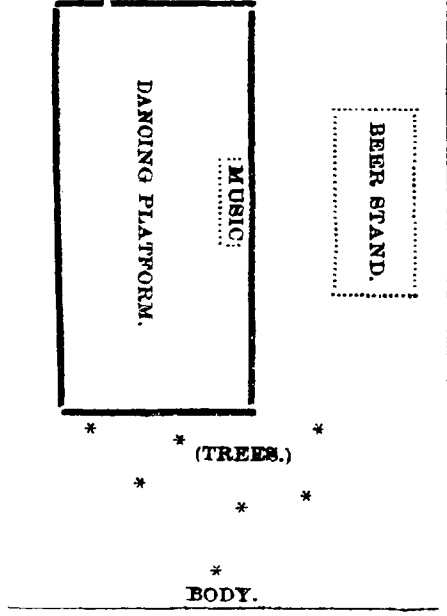
WHAT IBA SAYS.
"I was at the dance with Jake Huntine. He and I were sitting on the platform talking with Mrs. Richards and Emma Zink. Sheehy came up to me and asked me to introduce him to some girl. I introduced him to a girl, but I did not know her name. He asked her to take a walk and she said all right. They started away together and she said she'd be back in a few moments. I went to dancing and in a very short time heard that Sheehy was stabbed; I was dancing when he was stabbed; I helped put him in a carriage and take him home; he and I were good friends; I do not know the girl's name he walked away with, but would know her if I saw her."

Huntine was next seen by a SENTINEL reporter and corroborated Iba's statement.

Last night a SENTINEL man in leav-

ing the grounds, saw the somewhat notorious Mrs. Palmer (alias Cupp) with her daughter, Celestia Palmer (alias Bertie Wilson) walking along together. The latter was crying and said: "I don't care a d—n, mother, if they send me to prison for life, I can't help it." The mother was talking angrily. Thinking this might have something to do with the matter a SENTINEL reporter went to Mrs. Palmer's house, in Beck's addition, on the north side, this morning. He found that the girl had been taken by Sheriff Munson to the jail. The mother said she knew nothing about the matter. She professed to be angry at Celestia, who, she claimed, had tried to get her (Mrs. P.) 12 year-old daughter to Lew Clark's dance. She said that was what the conversation was about last night.

A reporter visited the park this morning with a man who was present at the time of the homicide. The following diagram was made, which will give an idea of the scene of the murder. It must be borne in mind that the dancing platform was located on the "picnic grounds" about 300 feet north of the race track.



Among the belles of the ball, was the notorious Nellie Williams alias "Wabash Nell." She was said to be implicated in some way in the murder. Towards evening, while very drunk, she had a rumput with John Stocking. After the stabbing the police started to work up the case. About 10 o'clock last night Nell Williams visited Chief Smith and stated that she had nothing to do with the murder, but professed to be able to give some startling information concerning John Stocking, Jeff Williams, and young Frank. She is kept under surveillance.

A reporter called upon Mrs. Geo. Richards and was assured by her that she knew nothing whatever about the matter.

SHEEHY'S DYING STATEMENT.

Sheehy before he died made this statement in the presence of Dr. Myers and a priest:

"I met the girl and went out walking with her. We had only been out two or three minutes when a man came up and took the girl away from me. As she left I tapped her on the shoulder and the man then stabbed me. I don't know the names of either of them. Iba knows the girl's name."

THE WOUND.

The cut is in the lower left abdominal region and penetrated very deep.

"BERTIE WILSON" IN JAIL.

Sheriff Munson to-day lodged "Bertie Wilson" in jail. She says she knows who killed Sheehy but won't tell. The sheriff thinks she will.

AUTOPSY AND INQUEST.

An inquest will be held by the coroner this afternoon, Drs. W. H. and I. N. Myers and Whery will hold an autopsy.

WHAT BERTIE SAYS.

A SENTINEL reporter visited the Palmer girl at the jail this afternoon and interviewed her. She is about 18 and very pretty, but somewhat depraved. She says she knows nothing about the murder. She was at the dance in the afternoon and again in the evening. She was there with her man, John Durbin. She danced the first set with him, and then heard that the deceased lying on the ground and Leonard Iba fanning him with his hat. Several other persons were around but she did not know them. They were all drunk and she was slightly inebriated herself. When she was there she asked who stabbed the man. Some one spoke up and said it was Nell Williams. She went back to the platform and resumed dancing. She afterwards saw them take the man away, but didn't suppose the man was hurt.

After the dance she went to Nell Williams's house and stayed there all night. She lives at Van Wert and came here on Tuesday. She sat down on her mother very severely, and says that ancient female was never married to her father until on his deathbed.

She mildly remarked that anybody who said she knew anything about the murder was a "G—d d—liar." She wept freely during the interview.

ANOTHER ARREST.

This afternoon about 3 o'clock Sheriff Munson arrested John Durbin, in Bloomington, on suspicion of the murder. The sheriff met him on the street this morning and asked him whether he had been on the fair grounds last night and he answered, "No sir." It once appears that he was there, and was with the woman who was with Sheehy when he was killed. Durbin told the sheriff he was sorry that he told him he was not on the fair grounds, as he thought the question had reference to something else. The evidence and description points forcibly to Durbin as being the man, although nothing positive has yet been ascertained.

THE POST MORTEM.

The autopsy was made and the physicians reported that death was the result of internal hemorrhage, the result of wounds inflicted by a knife.

THE DECEASED.

was about twenty-seven years of age, and his family had lived here a number of years. His mother is a widow, and he had a brother aged about twenty, and two sisters employed as servants on West Berry street. About four years ago he was married, but he and his wife parted and he joined the regular army. He served his enlistment period out and recently returned to this city, when he secured work on a P. F. construction train. About two weeks ago he hurt his arm and laid off for repairs, but had expected to resume work next Monday. He is well spoken of by those who knew him, who describe him as quiet, inoffensive and kind hearted, and not addicted to dissipation.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Israel Young, of the Wabash, Killed at Toledo.

Arrangements for the Funeral.

Israel P. Young was run over and killed yesterday in the Wabash switching yards at Toledo while coupling cars. The deceased was well known in this city, having been born and raised in Lake township, where his parents still live. For the past fourteen years he has been employed on the Wabash Railway, most of the time in the capacity of passenger conductor. His age was about 40 years. He was a noble-hearted, genial man, and numbered his friends by the score. The deceased was a member of Wayne Lodge F. A. M. The funeral will take place to-morrow at Toledo. At 6:45 a. m. a special train will leave the south depot containing friends, relatives, masonic brethren and all other persons who desire to attend the funeral. The train will return at 8:30 p. m. The fare for the round trip has been fixed at two dollars.

BREVITIES.

The superior court meets Monday.

The criminal court will meet Monday.

Democratic caucus in the first ward this evening.

First ward election next Tuesday.

Lizzie Wolf died at her father's residence, in New Haven, on the 28th ult.

Murray's shops are running a full force every night until 10 o'clock.

It is rumored that a celebration of some kind was held in this city yesterday.

W. K. Owen, of this city, registered at the Oliver House, Toledo Thursday.

Alonzo Carbaugh, who was bitten by a rattlesnake in Lake township, is somewhat better and slight hope is now entertained of his recovery.

John Summerville and family, of Hartford City, are in town, the guests of O. T. Thomas.

Edward Meehan has moved from No. 9 Buchanan street to 241 East Washington street.

Wm. Zeddes and Miss Augusta Bell were married at New Haven last Sunday evening. The wedding was a grand affair. Mr. Chas. Beechgood and Miss Sallie Bell were the attendants.

Louis Peltier, the undertaker, is the oldest native resident of Fort Wayne. He was born in the old fort sixty-five years ago.

An old-fashioned barn dance took place last evening at the residence of Willard Vaughan, in Abote township. Several hundred people were present, and a grand time was had.

Mrs. L. M. Rodgers, of New Haven, had a bad fall last Monday and sustained serious injury to her right hand and wrist.

E. L. Chittenden sent two pieces of band music from New York to the city band. They played them yesterday and appreciated them very much.

A farmer's wagon broke down on East Wayne street last night from the effects of too much Fourth of July.

A. P. Cosgrove, of the Northern Indianan, is in the city visiting with his brother, Frank Cosgrove.

Frank Shaw, of Warsaw, passed the Fourth in this city.

One of the members of the "big four" is at New York.

No reader of the SENTINEL should fail to peruse Dr. Von Moschizker's treatise on the subject of the first part of the subject of advertising by physicians.

Calvin Heath, who had his leg amputated five weeks ago at the City Hospital, is able to be about again.

The market was slimly attended this morning.

Quite a gathering attended the police court this morning.

The redoubtable John Moore imbibed too much extract this morning and made a vain attempt to address the artesian well from the court house steps.

Deq. Ryan has married a couple every 4th of July for the past thirteen years. Yesterday he tied the Gordian knot for Rinaldo Hall and Ollie Burkholder, and on Thursday evening for J. C. Yongue and Arbaia Maple, and Frank Frisby and Lydia Lovell.

The criminal court will be in session on Monday at 2 p. m.

The Fourth of July auditing committee wish all claims presented to their secretary on Monday next.

Ex-Gov. Whitaker, of Oregon, was registered at the Robinson House yesterday.

The officers of the cavalcade yesterday were: Captain, Bradley; 1st lieutenant, W. P. Doty; 2d lieutenant, Will Mannix; orderly, Will Wilson.

The Western Union telephone transmitted a telephonic cornet solo over their line yesterday.

Frank Manuel, of Cecil, O., a guest of his brother, Jules Manuel, over the Fourth, left for his home this morning.

Auditor Argo's little girl is down with the measles.

Dr. Reed, the alleged Roanoke body snatcher is in town.

H. S. Mensch has returned from Indianapolis.

J. R. Hoagland has returned.

Mrs. Murphy tried to stop the police court this morning but Marshal Diehl restrained her.

Complaint is made that boys are desecrating the old cemetery. The officers should give it attention.

A picnic was had by the scholars of Miss Annie J. Huper, of the "Road" school, on the Illinois road, in Abote township, in Bullard's grove yesterday.

B. J. Bogue, who has been engaged at the M. E. College, returns to his home at Rootstown, O., to-day.

A dispatch to Maj. Drake from Fred Boltz reads: "Boltz first, Wells second, Kelly third."

Gus Strodel made a very fine display last night, one of the finest on the street.

C. W. Edsall and family will spend the summer at Chatsworth, Ill.

Councilman Ryan has returned from Chicago.

J. Sullivan of Murray's shops, mashed his finger on Thursday evening.

The street cars yesterday carried 8,275 passengers.

Will O'Rourke and James Kane will summer at Petoskey.

P. A. Randall has returned from Petoskey.

The Olds factory and the Wabash shops are still celebrating to-day.

Coroner Gaffney is under the weather.

Mace Long returned to-day. He spoke last night at Lake Pleasant, Mich.

Chief Smith has returned from Cincinnati with new hats for the police.

D. R. McFeeley has returned from New York city.

One of Joe Evens's oxen died yesterday, of hollow horns.

The Burlager robbery case will come up in the criminal court next Monday. The trial promises to be deeply interesting.

A canary bird belonging to one of the Olympic girls, fell from the third story of the Tremont House and had its head cut off yesterday.

At 9 o'clock Thursday evening Justice Ryan married Frank Frisby, of New Haven, and Miss Lydia Lovell, of Adams township. The ceremony took place at 79 West Main street. Mr. and Mrs. Brent Lovell attended.

At Indianapolis, on Thursday, John Sanders, of this city, pleaded guilty to the charge of passing counterfeit money, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. He was taken at once to the southern prison at Jeffersonville.

Bluffton indulged in a number of foot races, bag races, greased pole performance, etc., for the amusement of its citizens last night.

Yesterday at Fort Wayne congregated the largest number of people in one body that has ever been seen in the city, and what is remarkable there was only one arrest made for drunk enness. It was undoubtedly the most orderly and quiet crowd the city has ever seen.

Two young men, named respectively Higgins and McMalley, indulged in a little jamboree on Thursday night at Gerardin's saloon, and during the progress of the amusement Higgins pitched McMalley through the window.

Louis Becker, aged eighteen, who lives at No. 178 West Washington street, attended a ball at Sheldon, on Thursday night. The ball ended in tragedy. Becker was shot in the neck. His injuries are not serious. The name of the person who fired the shot is not known.

Splendid Shooting.

Fred Stinnet, aged fourteen years, son of W. W. Stinnet, did some remarkable shooting on Thursday afternoon north of the city. He was shooting at glass balls and made the following extraordinary score: 3-0-7-0-6-0-13-0-31-0-25-0-2-0-7. As will be seen, he made one run of 31, and another of 25, without a miss. After this shooting he fired at and struck 13 out of 15 pennies thrown consecutively into the air, and then broke 5 out of 7 balls which he threw into the air, and fired at before they fell. A 22-calibre rifle was used. Mr. Stinnet proposes to challenge any boy in the world under 20 to shoot a match with his son.

THE COURTS.

JUSTICES' BEFORE PRATT.

In the case of the State vs. Geo. Gephart, assault and battery upon the person of Francis De Puer, the defendant was fined \$12.65.

In the case of the State vs. Richard Hines, of Hartford, for assault and battery upon the person of Newton Murray, a special policeman of telephone notary, the court assessed a fine of \$12.65. Both cases paid over.

Marriage Licenses.

Jacob M. Miller and Wilhelmina Bruer.

James H. Gipson and Matilda Kerbaugh.

Rinaldo Hall and Ollie Burkholder.

Frank Frisby and Lydia Lovell.

Geo. Krumlauf and Mary Noonan.

THE GREAT BARGAIN STORE

The Cheapest Store in the City.

NEW ARRIVALS

The Largest Stock and Cheapest Corsets.

BEAUTIFUL LINES

Of New Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Fans, Embroideries, Scarfs, Barbs.

FANCY WORK MATERIALS.

Wax-work, etc., White Goods, Ruchings, Laces, Jewelry.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Novelties in Fancy Goods.

PRICES REDUCED.

No pains spared to please. Stamping and fancy work to order. Knives and shears sharpened.

Money Saved at

BOND'S NOVELTY STORE.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO

Open To-day

PRICES TELL

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PRICES TELL

PRICES TELL

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